

The Sketch

No. 717.—Vol. LVI.

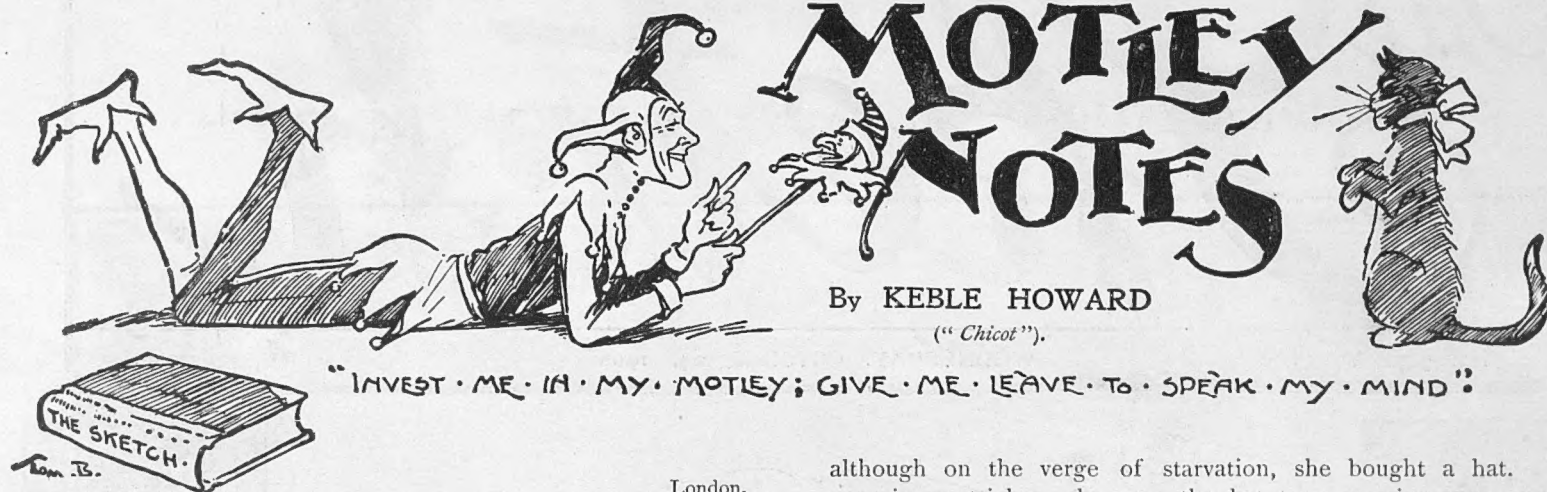
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE GREATEST ACTING SUCCESS OF THE YEAR:
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, THE NINA OF "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

Photograph by Bassano.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

Long Live the Bald!

I am distressed to find that the absurd prejudice against bald men is on the increase. I hasten to add that there is no suggestion of selfishness in my sorrow, for I am not bald myself. But most of my friends—male friends—are bald, and, take them for all in all, they are fine fellows. As a matter of fact, it is a wise thing to make friends with bald men rather than with men who have thick heads of hair. For some unexplained physiological or psychological reason, men with thick heads of hair are generally conceited; whereas bald men are nearly always modest. This, of course, is as it should be, yet it is well to be thankful when things are as they should be. Always make a fuss about a blessing. Suppose that the bald-headed men one day determined to form a League of Arrogance! What would the decently covered do then, poor things? The Bald would have on their side barristers, soldiers, doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, parsons, schoolmasters, convicts, and babies. The others would have to rely upon musicians, actors, artists, authors, and Miss Phyllis Dare. (Mr. Shaw, of course, would pair with Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Hall Caine with Mr. Sutro.) Imagine the fearful slaughter of the Haired! Be advised, friend the reader. Conciliate bald men while ye are in the way with them.

The Meaning of "B. and S."

A lady writing in *Truth* has a grievance against men which seems to include both the haired and the bald. "Men," she moans piteously, "seem to admire the fast and fluffy girls, not the gentle, quiet ones who hate to be conspicuous, who neither smoke nor drink B. and S's nor gamble at bridge." Let us examine into this accusation, and see what we can do to comfort *Truth's* correspondent. In the first place, are "fluffy girls"—the expression is quite a good one—always fast? For my own part, I don't think fluffy girls are ever really fast. Their fastness, like their fluffiness, is all on the surface. Many a man has been bitterly disappointed ere now in a "fluffy girl." At any rate, so I hear. Putting fluffiness aside, however, let us ask ourselves this very important question: do men necessarily admire girls who drink B. and S's? A "B. and S.," of course, is an old-fashioned colloquialism for a brandy-and-soda. I happen to understand the term because, acting on the advice of some of my critics, I have been making a study of mid-Victorian fiction. Here I find that the wicked baronets with piercing eyes, hooked noses, and black moustaches, generally swallow a "B. and S." at "a single gulp" before doing anything particularly desperate. (Which reminds me that "The Single Gulp" would be a lovely name for an inn.)

A Foo'ish Heroine.

To resume, having thus explained a term that might have proved puzzling to many. Do men necessarily admire girls who drink brandies-and-sodas? Oddly enough, I cannot remember ever having met a girl, fast or slow, who habitually drank brandies-and-sodas. I know many of the gentle, quiet variety who drink occasional whiskies-and-sodas, just as I know many of the same variety who smoke. But the fluffy "B. and S." girl has not, I regret to say, come within my experience. That doubtless explains why I, for one, do not admire her. May I tell the lady who writes in *Truth* what sort of girl the majority of men do admire? Neither the "fast and fluffy" girl nor the girl who refrains from smoking or doing anything else in good taste that she wants to do because she is afraid of making herself conspicuous. Men admire the girl who decides for herself, quietly and deliberately, what she wants to do, and then does it. I read a novel the other day in which the central figure was a girl who set to work to earn a living in London. (It was an intensely serious novel.) After much painful struggling, she succeeded in earning a guinea. With this guinea,

although on the verge of starvation, she bought a hat. Then, conscience-stricken, she gave the hat to a crossing-sweeper. That girl was neither fast nor fluffy. She was a fool.

When is a Mop Not a Mop?

The "Mop" at Stratford-on-Avon (where the scenarios of Mr. Tree's plays come from) is over, but the Stratford-on-Avon folk are still talking about it. In a copy of the *Stratford Herald* just to hand I find a letter addressed to the Editor by the Vicar, the Rev. George Arbuthnot. It seems that Mr. Arbuthnot, who has never been afraid of anything in his life, preached about the great annual fair before it came round, and that his preaching had some effect. But the Vicar is not yet satisfied. There was too much drinking at the fair, and he concludes his letter with these striking lines: "It was a small Mop, it was a well-conducted Mop; I hope that next year we may be able to add that it has been a sober Mop." Whilst I have no desire to speak flippantly on a serious subject, I should like to ask Mr. Arbuthnot whether he is not trying to confuse us? Surely a "sober Mop" is a contradiction in terms.

An English Daredevil.

The spirit of humorous adventure, commonly reported dead, has been playing high pranks at Koepenick. Everybody is prepared to forgive the man who dressed himself in a second-hand Captain's uniform and "held up" a whole town. Imagine the excitement of it! At any moment the fraud might have been discovered; the least hesitation, a shake in the voice, the quiver of an eyelid, and he would have forfeited his liberty, probably for years to come. But the prank was wildly successful, and, despite the theft that accompanied it, we all foster a sneaking hope that the cool, humorous daredevil will get off without punishment. Strange to say, I saw a man do a thing in London the other night that was even more daring. The owner of a certain house had sworn that if this man came within reach he would murder him. The man, without even taking the trouble to disguise himself, promptly called at the house, passed himself off at first as somebody else, then revealed his identity, and actually escaped unharmed! This is true. I was in the house myself, and saw the thing done. There was an account of the affair in the newspapers, though nobody compared it, as far as I remember, to the Koepenick business. That daring man was Lewis Waller, the house was the Lyric Theatre, and the play "Robin Hood."

The Butt of New York.

Mr. Comstock is a man with whom every nice person will deeply sympathise. Mr. Comstock lives in America. That is the beginning. Mr. Comstock is the Superintendent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. That helps matters along. Finally, Mr. Comstock was responsible for the arrest of Mr. Arnold Daly, who annoyed Mr. Comstock, in his capacity of Superintendent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, by producing that troublesome play of Mr. Shaw's called "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Mr. Daly has gone bankrupt, but we need not sympathise with him. All the beautiful girls in America are crinkling his photographs with their tears. The man, as I say, with whom we should sympathise is Mr. Comstock. It is not an easy post that he holds. It seems that Mr. Shaw has called his job "Comstockery," and New York—frivolous New York—has jumped at the catchword. Mr. Comstock, in the meantime, is being bullied by uncomstockering counsel. You may imagine how easy it must be to get laughs against poor Comstock. And they refuse to let him "answer back." One day he ventured to tell a lawyer who had been particularly exasperating that he was a liar. Mr. Comstock, as the President of the S.S.V., probably knew what he was talking about. But the lawyer got up and hit Comstock on the nose, greatly to the amusement of the Court. My eyes water for Comstock.

YORKSHIRE'S FINEST MONASTIC CHURCH DESTROYED.



THE BURNT-OUT NAVE OF SELBY ABBEY.

The Abbey of Selby, the most perfect monastic church in Yorkshire and a national relic of immense interest, was almost destroyed by fire on Saturday last. The Abbey was nearly 300 feet in length, and a splendid example of Norman, Early English, and Decorated architecture. The choir, which was destroyed, was particularly fine; and the east window—fortunately but little damaged—is believed to be the second finest in the world. Among the monuments and tombs contained in the Abbey are those of Alexander, 12th Abbot, who died in 1221, and John de Shirebun, 24th Abbot, who died in 1407.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

THE CLUBMAN.

Bucharest Cabs—Tenpenny Fares—Four-Franc Baths—After the Theatre—France on the Black Sea—The All-Conquering Teuton Traveller—Clubs in the Near East.

UNTIL I went to Bucharest I did not know how good a public vehicle could be and for what small hire it could be obtained.

What would our cab-drivers, who look askance at a shilling when offered them and are doubtful of the advantages of the taximeter, think of a town where every cabman dresses in velvet, with a silk scarf round his waist, where the cabs are all very smart victorias, where every man drives a pair of horses fit for a nobleman's carriage, and where the fare inside the town is tenpence and twenty pence to the suburbs? Of course, every town compensates in some manner for the cheap things in it, and to have a morning's bath in one's hotel in Bucharest is one of the expensive things of this life. It cost me four francs every time I bathed myself. In the town there is a big bathing building, the public baths, and I fancy that the Roumanians go there for their tubs. But an Englishman is used to take his bath at his hotel, and if he persists in this insular custom in Bucharest, he has to pay for it, and it takes many cab-drives to make him feel that he has got to the credit side of the ledger.

No doubt there are insuperable reasons why we shouldn't adopt the custom, but the Roumanian habit of keeping the coffee-houses and pastry-cooks' shops open after the theatres has much to commend it. In London, after the theatre, the rich man goes to the restaurant, the poor man to the public-house. In Bucharest, though the violins are playing in the big beer saloons, the majority of people, rich and poor, go to the pastry-cooks and drink coffee hot or eat coffee frozen and the very delicious cakes which Ionescu and Capsa and half-a-dozen other confectioners make. There is no fixed closing hour in Bucharest, and as early October there is very much the same climate as late August is with us, I always found at midnight the tables in the street outside the sweet-shops crowded by people eating the very lightest of suppers.

The theatre hours in Bucharest are late ones, and in this, as in most other matters, the Roumanians copy Paris. It is curious to find a Roman people on the borders of the Black Sea adopting France as their model in everything, having two of their daily papers printed in French, using French as an alternative language in their family converse, and dressing their Army very much as the Pious and their officers are dressed. The real language of the country, the bequest of the soldiers of Trajan's legions who colonised Thrace, is so like modern Italian that with a little knowledge of the latter language and some smattering still left of the Latin which was drummed into my head at school I was able to spell through any paper printed in Roumanian.

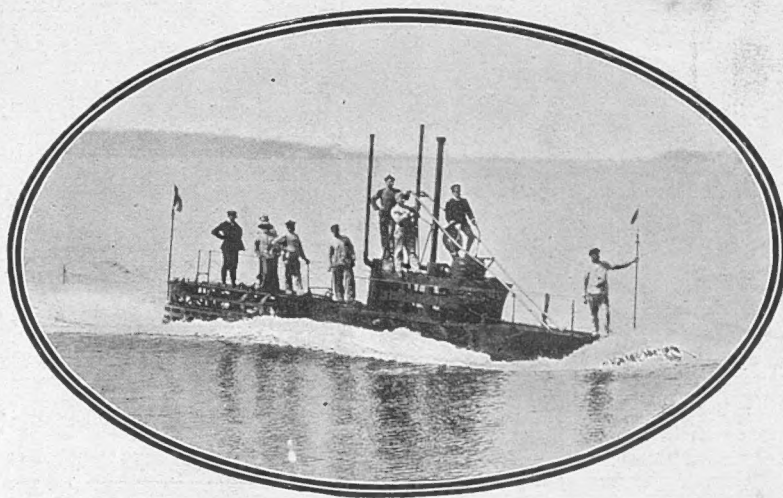
When the language was spoken I could not understand it, though a word similar to Italian would now and again crop up. In talking to the hotel servants I tried French, the language of their upper classes, but I found that though some of them had a smattering of it, the tongue all of them had acquired in addition to their own was German. I have found the same very nearly all over Europe. In Spain, in Portugal, in Russia, in Turkey, the language which the lower servants learn as being most useful to them is German. This means that the Germans are now the travelling people of the world, and that three Germans to every two Englishmen are to be expected in any hotel which lies at all out of the beaten track. I should imagine that at the inexpensive hotels the German clientèle is larger than that of England and the Latin countries put together.

It is at the expensive hotels that the Englishman ousts the German still, but German persistency is breaking down even the wall of expense. On the Riviera I find one after another of my pet hotels full of Germans, living in the back rooms of the top storeys and eating the table d'hôte meals at tables set apart for them. The manager shrugs his shoulders. "The season was so late in beginning this year that I thought the English and Americans were never coming." Some clever agent of a German tourist company has known the manager's dilemma, another stronghold has fallen before the all-conquering Teuton, and the German cheap tourist lives in an hotel which has always kept him at a distance, and lives there at half the rates the ordinary clients of the hotel could obtain.

Perhaps, as I am a Clubman, my brethren of the London clubs may care to hear what clubs there are in the cities of the Near East through which I have been travelling. In Belgrade there is, so far as I know, no club which the English use. The British colony in Serbia in all numbers, I believe, no more than four. The Servian officers have their military club, and there is a gathering-place for the Frenchmen in Serbia. In Bulgaria club life is more advanced. The Cercle de l'Union, which is the club to which the diplomatists and the military attachés belong, is a charming club, where French is the

language spoken, where the members lunch and dine at one long table, and where it is the custom to introduce any new member formally to all the other members of the club. In Constantinople there are two clubs, known for short as the big club and the little club. The big club is the one which the Ambassadors and the other very high officials use. It is partly closed during the summer. The little club, next door to the Pera Palace Hotel, is a friendly social club much used by the British colony. It has fine airy rooms, and is a godsend to the Briton in the Near East. In Bucharest the Jockey Club is, I believe, the best club, but my sponsors were still at the hill station of Sinaia, so I saw

nothing of Roumanian club-life. The National Casino at Budapest is one of the finest clubs in the world, but it is, I imagine, so well known to Englishmen who have visited the Hungarian capital that there is no need for me to describe it.



LAST WEEK'S PARALLEL TO THE TERRIBLE "FARFADET" DISASTER: THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "LUTIN," SUNK IN BIZERTA BAY WITH ABOUT SIXTEEN.

The loss of the French submarine *Lutin* forms a striking parallel with the sinking of the *Farfadet*. Not only was the *Lutin* a sister-ship to the *Farfadet*, but she sank in the same place, Bizerta Harbour. Many theories as to the cause of the disaster have been advanced, but nothing certain is likely to be known for some time, if ever.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



"THE WORST STREET IN THE WEST END OF LONDON": GREEK STREET, SOHO, WHERE, ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, "SOME OF THE VILEST REPTILES LIVE."

During the course of the Police Inquiry, a police inspector described Greek Street as "the worst street in the West End of London." "Crowds of people," he said, "gather there nightly who are little less than a pest. I will go further, and say that some of the vilest reptiles live there or frequent it."

Photograph by the Topical Press.

THE WEDDING OF THE KAISER'S "DEAR BERTHA."

THE MARRIAGE OF FRÄULEIN BERTHA KRUPP AND HERR VON BOHLEN-HALBACH.



1. THE KAISER ESCORTING FRAU KRUPP, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE, FROM THE CHAPEL TO VILLA HUEGEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.

2. HERR AND FRAU VON BOHLEN-HALBACH LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

The Kaiser showed great interest in the wedding of Fräulein Bertha Krupp, owner of the great cannon factory at Essen, and Herr von Bohlen-Halbach, Councillor of Legation in the German Diplomatic Service, which was celebrated the other day in a specially erected chapel close to the Villa Huegel, the residence of the Krupp family. In the course of a speech at the banquet that followed the ceremony, the Kaiser said: "God has granted to you, my dear Bertha, a magnificent sphere of activity to live for your workmen and their families. When you pass through the factory may the workman lift his cap to you in grateful love. . . . From your influence may joy in toil spring, and progressive development in achievement, in accordance with the most modern requirements, and with the tried principles of the founder of the Krupp works, so that Krupp's may continue to furnish the German Fatherland with weapons of offence and defence which, in their manufacture as in the achievements won by them, in the future as in the past, shall be such as no other nation can attain."—[Photographs by the Topical Press.]

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MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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| WATERLOO ... | 11 ¹² 10 ¹⁹ 10 ³⁴ 11 ¹⁷ 10 ²⁷ 10 ⁴³ | MAIDSTONE ... | 11 27 |
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| NEW CROSS ... | 10 13 10 53 | HASTINGS ... | 11 20 |
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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Oct. 24, 1906.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Queen's return South is hailed with joy by London, for even her Majesty's residence at Sandringham has its effect on "the little Season," which will this year be enlivened by an Autumn Session. The King and Queen are looking forward eagerly to the approaching visit of the King and Queen of Norway, which it is widely rumoured will be the occasion of a unique royal gathering, for there will be present

at Sandringham two crowned heads, two heirs-apparent, and, last not least, one heir-presumptive, all connected by the closest ties of blood and affection. It is hoped that the Princess Royal will be well enough to be among her parents' guests.

The Coming Session.

How will an Autumn Session affect Society? Almost certainly in a pleasant and not an adverse manner. The prominent political hostesses belonging to both great parties will probably do their best to dispose of several of their more or less official receptions in order to be free after the New Year for the Riviera, Egypt, and Italy. Then, excellent arrangements now obtain at the House of Commons for the giving of private dinner-parties, and several members of the Cabinet are noted as generous hosts. The sitting of Parliament also means the presence of the King in town at fairly frequent intervals.

Heiress to Three Million Pounds Sterling.

Princess Marie Bonaparte, whose name has been rather unkindly mentioned in connection with the great marriage brokerage question, would indeed be a rich prize for any smart marriage broker, for she is one of the richest unmarried women in the world. She owes her Christian name and her wealth to one of the daughters of the famous Blanc of Monaco, and she is, of course, a niece of the genial sportsman who is almost as well known to the British racing world as he is to that of Longchamp. Princess Marie, whose mother died when she was still a child, lives with her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte, in a palatial-looking mansion not far from the Arc de Triomphe. Without being notably beautiful, she is very attractive, and it is said that she might ere now have married into more than one of the older royal families of Europe. So far, however, she has remained fancy free, and it is whispered that several noble and prominent marriage brokers are eager to draw the great heiress into their cunning toils.

A Loss to the Stage.

Mrs. McDonald Sutor, whose marriage to Lieutenant McDonald Sutor took place last month, is well known to the playgoing public for her acting and her beauty alike. As Mrs. Maesmore Morris she did much good work on the stage. She first trod the boards in Australia, where her father, a physician, had his practice, as walking lady and understudy with Mr. Charles Hawtrej. Some seven years ago London called to her, and she came here first to understudy Miss Julie Opp in the St. James's revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda," then to understudy Miss Fay Davis in "Rupert of Hentzau," the somewhat short-lived sequel to that play. In both pieces she appeared on occasion as Flavia—the Princess in the one, the Queen in the other. Later she was seen as Ida Pilkerton in "Pilkerton's Peerage," as Miss Pinsent in "Iris," and in other rôles. Her marriage means a loss to the stage, for she will no longer act. Her wedding to Mr. Maesmore Morris, a Melbourne merchant, was dissolved.

The Côte d'Argent.

The Côte d'Azur is well known as the familiar name of the Riviera, and the Côte d'Émeraude as that of the coast round Dinard, but the Côte d'Argent is a less-known name. Biarritz, which was made famous by the Empress Eugénie, has under the Third

Republic dropped out of the running, but since the wooing of the young King of Spain it has once more entered the lists as a fashionable watering-place. But first of all it was necessary to find the shore a nickname, and so some ingenious person has invented the Côte d'Argent, which sounds very well, though it cannot be said that the Atlantic Ocean has much that is silvery about it.

The Land We are Gaining.

The Commission now inquiring into coast-erosion has before it a nice little problem. Panicky paragraphs tell us from time to time how the sea frets away our coast-line, swallows a village, bisects a manor. But they do not tell us of the land which we win from the sea. The encroachment of the waters began three or four thousand years ago, and vast tracts like Lyonesse and portions of North Wales and the country about Winchester and the Holderness coast represent serious losses. But Lincolnshire is a thousand square miles richer in land to-day than ever it was before, every inch of it reclaimed from the sea. There are parts of Kent to-day over which the seas once washed. Round about Dungeness we gain land at the rate of a mile a century. The site of Yarmouth was under water when the Normans landed. The Isle of Man loses land on one side and gains it on another. The Avonmouth Docks at Bristol are built upon land which within living memory was under water. Now, if too drastic efforts are made to stop the erosion, these, while not achieving their purpose, may stop the gain of new land. Another difficulty to be considered is the fact that while the Crown contributes nothing to defence against the waves, all land reclaimed belongs to it.



A LOSS TO THE STAGE, MRS. McDONALD SUTOR (MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS).

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

The Engagement of a Grand Duchess.

Peculiar interest attaches to the betrothal of the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, our Sovereign's beautiful niece, to the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch. Her Imperial Highness, who lost her husband in so

awful a manner two years ago next February, is just over forty, but she is still very lovely, and has become quite Russian in her sympathies. Her fiancé is

for a moment. It concerns another which M. Rostand has already on the anvil. Alas! "Chantecler" will never crow on the Parisian stage—at least, that is what it looks like at this present writing.

Lady Edith Villiers.

Lady Edith Villiers, the only daughter of Lord Clarendon, is one of the girl hostesses of Society: her mother died more than ten years ago. Father and daughter are devoted to one another, and are equally fond of country life. They have a quaint and charming suburban home in The Grove, Watford, famed for its marvellous collection of Vandykes. Lady Edith is a fearless horsewoman, and during the hunting season is often out three and four days a week. She is principally known in the sporting world by her fame as a dog-fancier; she is the happy owner of a celebrated fox-terrier kennel, and no lady exhibitor has better luck at the great shows. On one occasion she received as prize the model of a fox-terrier carried out in diamonds.

A Leading Society Actress.

Miss Muriel Wilson has been the heroine of the big Yeomanry Bazaar which was opened last Thursday by Lord Roberts at Hull. The principal "side



THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA, WHOSE BETROTHAL TO THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICOLAIEVITCH IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by B. Avanzo.

one of the Emperor's numerous cousins, and he is very wealthy. He is just fifty years of age, and, physically speaking, belongs to the more splendid type of Romanoffs. The Grand Duchess Serge has now lived for many years in and

near Moscow, and she adopted some time ago the two motherless children of the Grand Duke Paul, son-in-law to the King of Greece. They will accompany her after her second marriage, which event will break her connection with Moscow, for the Grand Duke Nicholas has a splendid Palace at St. Petersburg.

A New Career for Coquelin.

Most interesting news comes from Paris to the effect that Coquelin Ainé, *le vieux Coq* as he is called the other side of the Channel, is really going to join the noble army at the Comédie Française. Years ago, in his salad days, he did belong to the company of the *Maison de Molière*, but a life of freedom attracted him, and he went to found his fortunes in his own house. M. Coquelin has probably not made much money of late years, and perhaps this may have something to do with his desire to re-enter the portals of the Rue Richelieu. It is likely, also, that his reincorporation as a *sociétaire* will synchronise with a new play by M. Edmond Rostand, with M. Coquelin in the

ONE OF THE GIRL HOSTESSES OF SOCIETY: LADY EDITH VILLIERS.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.



show" connected with this brilliant fête was the performance of a pretty little play entitled "The Highwayman," in which Miss Wilson took the principal rôle. The only one of the beautiful group of Wilson cousins who is still a spinster is by far the best amateur player in Society. She has more than once been approached by leading London managers, and were she not a member of one of the wealthiest of our great commercial families, she might ere now have become a younger rival of Miss Ellen Terry. Miss Wilson is now helping her mother, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, to entertain a brilliant house-party, brought together in connection with the Yeomanry Bazaar. Among the guests has been Lady Maud Warrender, who was the bright particular star of the concert which was yet another "side show" at the fête.



A LEADING SOCIETY ACTRESS: MISS MURIEL WILSON.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

A Bohemian, a Dog, and a Sheep.

Emile Goudeau, who died a few weeks ago in Paris, was one of the most confirmed Bohemians that ever lived. There is a story of him and a certain black spaniel which followed him with the faithfulness with which the historic little lamb attached itself to the historic little Mary. Goudeau and the dog, in fact, were never separated. It dawned upon the tax-gatherer of the neighbourhood that Goudeau had not paid his dues for the "inferior brother." He approached him, therefore, in as friendly a spirit as possible, being, indeed, an old acquaintance, and said, "M. Goudeau, I must ask you to pay your tax for the spaniel." The Bohemian was immensely surprised, or affected to be. "But don't you know, my dear Sir," he said, in a tone of remonstrance, "this is a sheep-dog, useful to me in my work, and consequently exempt from the tax?" "But you are no shepherd," returned the tax-gatherer; "you are a poet." "No shepherd!" replied Goudeau. "Every poet is a shepherd. Have you not heard of Virgil, and Theocritus—?" The poet would have recited twenty other names if the tax-gatherer, alarmed at such a display of learning, had not stopped him. "But at least you have no sheep," he said. "No; I admit that," said Goudeau; "it is because I am too poor. But I will rectify that." And he did. Next day he was observed promenading the streets of Montmartre with the same old black spaniel, but with a newcomer in the shape of a real, live, woolly sheep.

A LONDON HOSTESS: MRS. PARK LYLE.

Among those untitled London hostesses who may be expected to entertain a good deal this winter is Mrs. Park Lyle, whose beautiful house in Cadogan Square has often been the scene of great receptions. Though the mistress of a charming country house, she remains very faithful to London.—[Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.]

leading part Everybody has heard of the famous animal play, after the manner of Aristophanes, which the young Academician has written with the title of "Chantecler," but that play is not in question,





THE QUEEN-DOWAGER OF ITALY.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi.

find solace in the weed. The Queen-Dowager of Italy smokes many cigarettes; so do the Dowager Empress of Russia, although the present Empress does not agree with the habit; "Carmen Sylva," the poet-Queen of Roumania; the Queen of Portugal, and the Queen-Dowager of Spain. The tastes of the latter royal lady are followed in this direction by her son, the young King, whose cigarette is almost as much in evidence as our own King's cigar.

How the Lord Mayor Captured Paris.

The Lord Mayor knew how to capture the heart of Paris as perhaps no other visitor. He always said pretty things at the right time and at the right place, and he kept on smiling, smiling—smiling at the pretty ladies, at the pretty *midinettes*, and at the pretty little children. That was why he became so immensely popular. His name is mentioned now with that of King Edward in the Ville Lumière. Stormed at by interviewers and half-blinded by magnesium flashlights, he never turned a hair or blinked an eye. He was always ready to talk to the Press, no matter how fatigued, and, in return, they treated him with consideration, and even with a marked devotion. A touching incident of this kind occurred when Le Lor' Maire was travelling on the wings of the Nord Express from Boulogne to Paris. He had lain him down for a few moments' rest, but consented to break his siesta to see a few representatives of boulevard newspapers. They were so struck with his kindly communicability that when they left him they mounted guard over his door so that others should not enter and disturb his rest, which was thoughtful—and artful—was it not? The man who can touch the ordinarily stonyheart of the Fourth Estate is capable of making an *entente cordiale* off his own bat.



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

From a Photograph.

QUEENS WHO SMOKE.

Queens who Smoke.

A West End tradesman's announcement that he is purveyor of tobacco to the Queen-Dowager of Italy has revealed the fact, hitherto not generally known, that there are several Queens who

time will come when their action will mark a red-letter day in the calendar of our national prosperity. Lord Rosebery has declared that the adoption of the metric system would do more for our commerce than all the fiscal proposals;

Lord Kelvin has bidden us not attach a single gramme of weight to the arguments against the code; and high authority tells us that the metre will save a year of school life. At the present moment we are, with Russia, the only nation in Europe which has not adopted the system. Ours is the worst and most confusing in the world. Our Consuls, our Ambassadors, our travellers all say that our antiquated system of weights and measures costs us millions every year. And think of it, we have thrice, within the last forty odd years, been on the brink of the change. In 1862 a Parliamentary Committee favoured it; twice afterwards Parliament had the question under discussion; then, eleven years ago Sir Henry Roscoe's Committee urged the reform. Since then another Committee has been engaged upon the work. Kynoch's have made the plunge, and sooner or later the nation will follow. The firm is the Gregory of English weights and measures.

Emergency Vessels in Emergency.

There is something a little pathetic in the newspaper attitude towards the Navy and Army. The average journalist, like Mr. Lewis-Waller-Robin-Hood, likes to think himself a believer in "England, our England," but he has his doubts about "our England's" efficiency. It is not often that he gives

himself away in print, but when he does it he does it well, if not gracefully. Commenting on Lord Charles Beresford's action in sending British vessels to the assistance of those seeking to aid the unfortunate crew of the submarine *Lutin* in Bizerta Bay, a Malta correspondent writes: "Lord Charles Beresford is praised for having these emergency ships in being, and in immediate readiness for service." To see exceptional merit in a distinguished Admiral having his emergency vessels ready for emergencies is surely a touching confession of lack of faith, and but a back-handed compliment to one of our "twentieth-century Nelsons."



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Photograph by Canacho.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Levitsky.

Place aux Jeunes.

It is the day of youth in dramatic art, as in other directions of human endeavour. Here, for instance, is M. André Arnyvelde capturing the laurels of the Comédie Française at the tender age of twenty-four — almost an infant, you would say. And, what is more, André Arnyvelde's play is in versè.

Like Pope, he must have lisped in numbers and the numbers came. His good fortune is really surprising. He went to M. Jules Claretie, Director of the National Theatre, with no recommendation and with no "protection." He had simply his manuscript in his pocket. M. Claretie was delighted with it, and it was played the other day for the first time, under the title of "La Courtisane." Another young man who has contrived to conquer in poetic drama is, as *The Sketch* has recently announced, René Fraudet, who has written a charming play for Sarah Bernhardt, which will be produced

fumed over criticism, and Ruskin positively declined to read any but favourable ones. Those who traversed his serious works were "dim-brained rascals" and "long-eared brutes," who could not see that a thistle had two sides, and it worried and depressed him, and at the same time made him very angry.

Count Boni de Castellane.

Count Boni de Castellane is by way of being the Beau Brummel of the French Chamber of Deputies. His collars are worthy to rank with those of Mr. George Alexander, his ties with those of M. Rostand, the rest of his attire with that of M. Le Bargy. The touch of dandyism in his nature, and the smile at times caused by it, are perhaps the reasons for a slight underrating of the Count's abilities. He is really an excellent speaker. The Count opposes the granting of a divorce, and asks for a separation instead. Should he secure his wish,

which he may have done by the time this paragraph is printed, the Court will decide the sum of money his wife will have to allow him. At the moment of writing, the Countess's offer stands at 40,000 francs a year. In view of the fact that she is not only foreign but very rich, it is thought that the Court's award will be on a much higher scale—if it awards at all.

A Motor Christening.

The motor-car has made another advance towards the complete supersession of the horse. Weddings at which the traditional carriage drawn by white horses has been replaced by the motor-car have become comparatively common, but so far no royal wedding has employed the motor. That may come, however, for at the christening of the little Prince of Coburg, heir of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Grand Duke and his Court went to the ceremony in five

motor-cars, and also returned from the chapel in them. The Grand Duke was so delighted with the success of his experiment that he there and then presented the master of his motor-cars with the Cross of the First Class of the Order of Sachsen-Ernestinischen-Hausorden, an Order which will no doubt compensate that official for many breakdowns, if only by the length of its name.



A "FLORODORA GIRL" WHO HAS MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE: MRS. FREDERIC GEBHARD.

It was announced the other day that Miss Marie L. Gamble, known on the stage as Marie Wilson, one of the original "Florodora Sextet" in America, was married secretly to Mr. Frederic Gebhard, millionaire Society man, in January last.

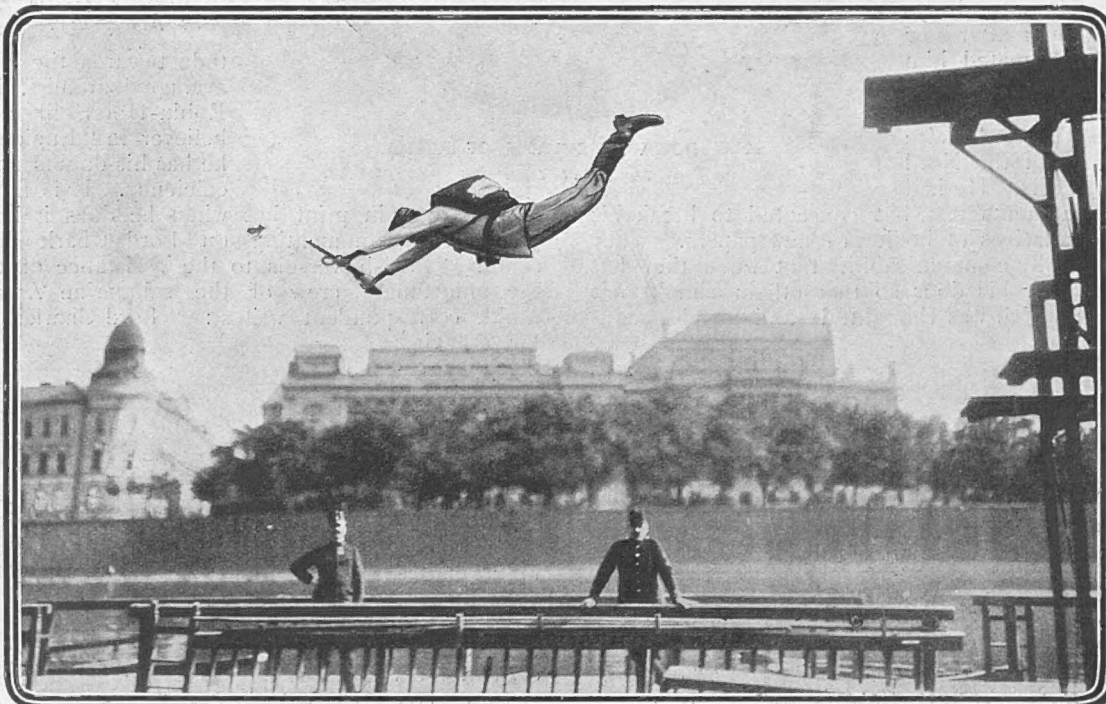
Photograph by Topical Press.

after the run of "Sainte Thérèse," a new piece from the pen of M. Catulle Mendès, the well-known theatrical critic and playwright.

Criticism and War.

The assault upon a Florentine critic by the director and chorus of an opera company per-

forming "William Tell" is a new chapter in a story as old as criticism. The war between critics and criticised is universal. Japan, whose drama has a history almost as ancient as the dynasty of its Emperors, has found the problem so acute that the critics, the better to equip themselves for their task, have taken to acting at the principal theatre in Tokio. The horsewhip for his shoulders and the revolver for matutinal assignments have played their parts in the experience of the critic in all the capitals of Europe. Even Yvette Guilbert found it pleasant to go and fling the ink and paper about the room of M. Sarcey, who had frankly written of her what was in his mind. But who, no matter what his calling, can with equanimity bear criticism? Wellington used to say that he never read any works on his military career, because they would provoke him to comments which he could not make without offence to living men. Tennyson



A REMARKABLE DIVE IN UNIFORM: LIEUTENANT PISAROWITZ TAKING A 20-FOOT DIVE AT PRAGUE IN FULL MARCHING DRESS.

Special care is taken in the swimming-school at Prague to teach officers and men swimming by night, and swimming and diving in full regimentals and carrying arms.

A PRINCESS SAID TO BE ON A MARRIAGE BROKER'S BOOKS.



PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE.

It was said the other day, somewhat unkindly and doubtless without truth, that Princess Marie Bonaparte is on the books of a professional marriage broker, who recently showed a photograph of her to one of his clients as a guarantee of good faith. Princess Marie is heiress to some three millions. She lives with her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte, near the Arc de Triomphe, Paris. Her beauty and her fortune are the strongest arguments against the idea that she cannot find a suitor without the aid of a marriage broker.

Photograph by Reutlinger. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Mixed Counsels. With the reopening of the Law Courts to-day, an excellent opportunity is afforded counsel of avoiding the pitfalls into which distinguished predecessors have fallen, upon similar occasions, in earlier days. In the hurry of preparing cases it has happened that counsel have so misread their briefs as to consider themselves against the parties for whom they have been retained. The future Lord Chancellor Eldon, as a junior, had an experience of the kind. Dunning, his leader, opened with force and eloquence against his own client. Waiting until he was convinced as to how the land lay, Eldon ventured timidly to direct his leader's attention to the havoc he was working. Compressing a world of reproach into a single sentence for Eldon's not having stopped him before, Dunning turned blandly to the Court and explained that so far he had merely shown how the facts could be stated against his client. And then he turned about, tore up his own arguments, and made a powerful appeal on the other, and right, tack.

The Imperfect "Perfect Racehorses." The race for the Cambridgeshire to-day serves to recall the name of a horse in whose skeleton scientists have recently been interesting themselves—Eclipse. It is for Turf experts to say whether there has been a better horse; to the lay mind, at least, he represents perfection. His mechanism for speedy running was declared by the veterinary surgeons of his age to be without fault. Yet, viewed from the standpoint of geometrical proportions, he was all wrongly built. He was one-seventh too high; his neck was one-third too long; the distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee, which should be identical with the distance from the knee to the ground, was in Eclipse too long. So said Mr. C. V. de St. Bel, Professor of the Veterinary College of London, who examined the horse. Still, with all his imperfections, Eclipse, at his best, could cover twenty-five feet with each complete action on the gallop, and could repeat this action two and one-third times every second. This enabled him to traverse almost four miles in just over six minutes. An Eclipse to-day might still carry an unbeaten certificate.

Why Not Prospect the Seas for Diamonds? As the Xema party cannot dig the diamonds from their enchanted isle, why should they not dredge up a few from the ocean over which their craft must pass? There must be millions in the seas. The investigations of men like Professors Foote and Friedel and Sir William Crookes show that diamonds undoubtedly occur in the meteoric showers by which the earth is bombarded. That mighty fallen star by which the Cañon Diablo, in Arizona, has been ploughed

contains diamonds. If diamond-bearing meteors fall upon the earth, they fall also into the sea. And they can be recovered. One of the most romantic finds made by the *Challenger* discovered this fact to the world. In deep abysses of the ocean, which the dust of crumbling continents rarely reaches, they dug up fallen stars. There in those silent depths they found the star-dust fallen from the heavens—insoluble granules of iron in which æons had failed to work a change. If the fragments of meteors speeding earthwards may be gathered from the sea, why not the diamonds themselves which, the scientists tell us, lurk gleaming in the meteors?



NOT IN THE COMBINE! A SOAP-TREE.

The combination of soap-makers, of which we have heard a good deal of late, has a rival in Dame Nature, who has her own soap-manufacture. The soap-tree, of which there is a large plantation in Algiers, grows also in India, Japan, China, and Central America. It belongs either to the Leguminosæ or the Sapindaceæ, and falls under the classification of the Sapindus. In the first two years of its growth it attains a height of about ten feet; fully grown it is from forty to fifty feet high. At the age of six it begins to bear fruit, gradually increasing its production until it yields 200 lb. or so a year. It can only be raised from cuttings, although it has male and female blossoms. The dried fruit contains on an average 28 per cent. of saponin, and the seed a quantity of fine oil. The oil is a valuable ingredient of face-creams and cosmetics. The fruit of every variety of the tree when used with water will cleanse more linen than sixty times its weight in alkaline soap, and is excellent for washing delicate silks and other fabrics. The seeds, when ground, yield a washing-powder for cleansing the hair.

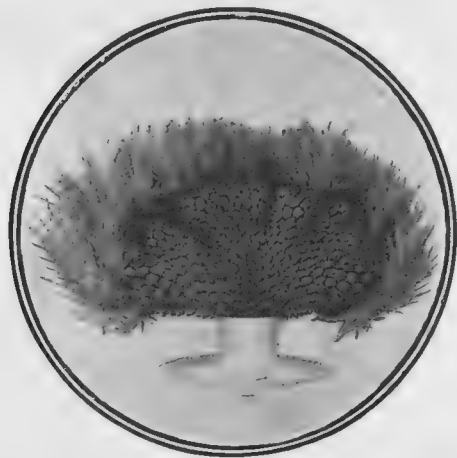
Photograph by the Union Bureau of News.

his Aldermen and himself, and fared forth to meet her. The day was wet and the streets were muddy, and his Lordship prudently resolved that jack-boots would make fittest covering for his pumps. When the royal cortège was announced as approaching Temple Bar, "Off with these boots!" said the Chief Magistrate. But though wise men and lusty tugged with discretion and strength, they could remove but one; the other stuck. All too quickly the time passed, and the royal coach was in sight. "Give it up," said his Lordship; "I'll put on the other boot again." And he did. And, with his jack-boots over his pumps, sadly he stumped into the great building, and with them on sat down to luncheon with her Majesty.

The Sable in Ireland. Ladies who are now buying, or having bought for them, their winter sables, little imagine what an important part in history has been played by the little animal whence their adornment comes. It were scarcely accurate to affirm that the pursuit of the sable gave Russia her four-and-three-quarter million square miles of Siberia. It is the fact, however, that to the expeditions of the trappers of sable we owe more than to any other cause our knowledge of that vast world. It is only in the high northern latitudes, we are told, that the sable lives. Sir M. E. Grant Duff combated the saying. He had a friend who wore his collar and cuffs of sable which had been killed in Ireland. The sable still runs wild there, but the gamekeepers, mistaking it for the polecat, persecute it mercilessly. Fancy selling as vermin a pelt worth almost its weight in gold! The existence of the sable in Ireland is of the deepest interest to scientists. Its presence there is a link with the Ice Age, in which Ireland and England and Europe were all dry land, and the animals of the Arctic made holiday where now our deep seas run.

A Jack-Booted Lord Mayor. May better luck attend the Lord Mayor in his visit to the Lord Chancellor to-day than came the way of his predecessor on a famous day in the last reign. The Queen was coming in state to open the Royal Exchange. The Lord Mayor mounted

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



SEVEN PINEAPPLES ON A SINGLE STALK—
A CURIOSITY FROM INDIA.

One of our readers, Miss Constance Burnett, of Tellicherry, Malabar Coast, Southern India, sends us the above photograph, as an addition to the illustrations of natural curiosities that have appeared in *The Sketch* from time to time. It shows "a" pineapple grown in Miss Burnett's garden. It is formed of seven pineapples growing on a single stalk. Each of the seven pines had a distinct core, and on the top of the composite fruit were forty-two suckers.



REDSKINS WHO CAN ONLY READ AND
WRITE SHORTHAND.

These native Indian children of British Columbia can only read and write shorthand. Years ago, a Breton missionary, attempting to teach the Indians, found himself so handicapped by their ignorance that he taught them shorthand as the quickest means of teaching them to read the Bible. There is now scarcely a man, woman, or child in the district who cannot read and write shorthand with ease, although they know nothing of longhand and ordinary print.



NEST ON NEST: EGGS ON EGGS—AN EXTRA-
ORDINARY NATURAL-HISTORY PUZZLE.

Our illustration shows part of a mass of nests and eggs found in the centre of an elm-tree at Northwich. The elm, which was probably a hundred years old, seemed sound and showed no hole through which a bird could enter. When the trunk was sawn in two, a layer of birds' nests, formed of moss and soil, and ten inches deep, was found. There were at least thirty eggs in the layers, many of them broken. The nests had been built one on the other.



ULM, A TOWN THAT LIVES ON DEAD DOGS.

A German blue-book recently published reports a great increase in the number of dogs killed for food. At Ulm no fewer than 1876 dogs were slaughtered for human food during the three months ending April 30 of this year.



THE CHAMELEON SANDS OF ST. JOSEPH.

The Island of St. Joseph, in the Bay of Campêche, has the most wonderful beach in the world. The action of the sea changes the colour of the sand in a remarkable degree. When dry the sands are of a purple shade; when wet they take a golden hue.



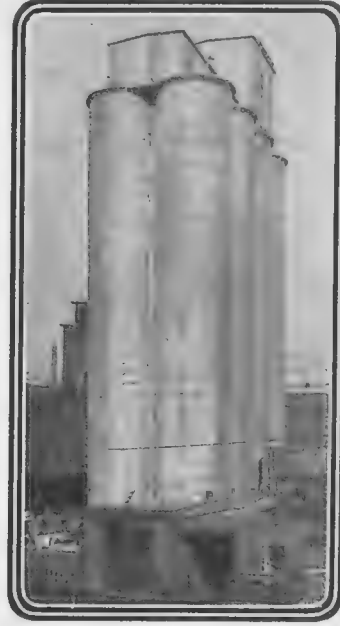
PREPARATIONS FOR GETTING A
BRITISH MISSION INTO HOT
WATER.

Our photograph illustrates a common, yet interesting, incident of a British Mission's advance in Afghanistan—the preparation in curiously shaped "samovars" of hot water for bathing.



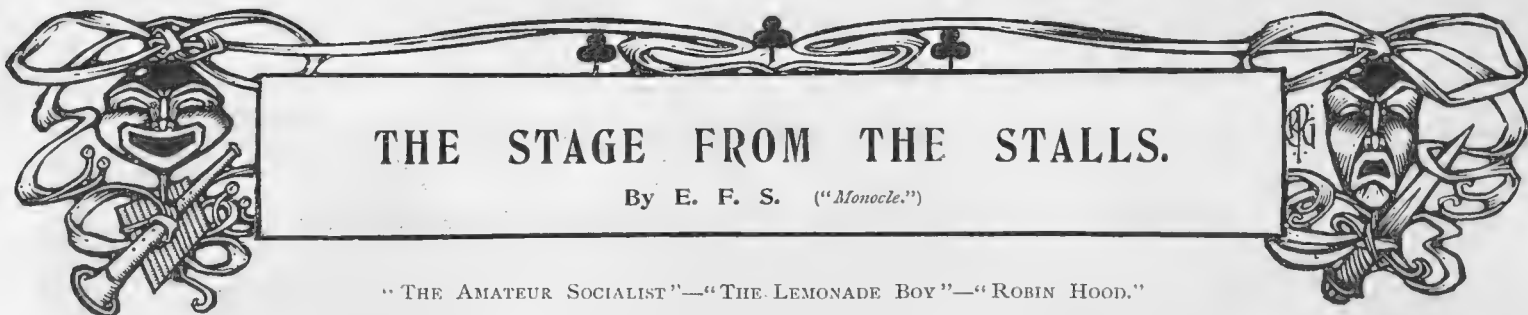
A STRIKE OF JEHUS IN JERUSALEM: A SCENE NEAR
THE JAFFA GATE.

The Turkish authorities recently endeavoured to stop the over-charges of the cabmen in Jerusalem, which have long been notorious, and issued a tariff of fares. The men and the proprietors of the cabs thereupon struck in a body. The strike did not last long. The authorities, true examples of Turkish officialdom, gave way, and the over-charging will continue in all its iniquity.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CORN-STORE,
ERECTED BY A TRUST-FIGHTING
MILLER.

The corn-store, which is in Philadelphia, is made of hollow tiles, the best insulators, and its owner intends to store corn in it, in view of the threatened rise in prices caused by gambling in the wheat-pit.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE AMATEUR SOCIALIST"—"THE LEMONADE BOY"—"ROBIN HOOD."

MR. TARPEY is rather disappointing. When "Windmills" was produced by the Stage Society five years ago he had full opportunity of seeing in what respects he had failed to carry out his idea of writing a comedy—an "eccentric comedy." In the new version of the play presented under the name of "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion, and received with well-won favour, the old defects remain.

What might have been a plausible comedy is an incredible farce: really fine comic ideas are handled heavily: needless inconsistencies appear. The work at times has an almost impromptu air, yet probably much labour has been put upon it. However, it is quite amusing, and has a notable freshness of idea, and even novel humours in connection with the police, which caused a loud roar of laughter, as when the Inspector said to the Magistrate—"We know what evidence is," and foreshadowed the plan of saving the foolish Socialist Baronet from gaol by deliberately breaking down in his evidence for the prosecution. Naturally, too, the audience was delighted by the Quixotic prisoner's indignation when he found that he was not going to have a fair

trial, but that his chance of being convicted and posing as a martyr in the cause of the people was being destroyed by a friendly Magistrate.

had he ever lived, would have cracked the crown of anyone who represented him as a rash fool who must have failed in his plans but for the imbecility of Prince John and his followers. Robin Hood passes through Nottingham and enters the temporary palace of John disguised by wearing a red instead of a green cap upon the head for which John has offered a reward of a thousand nobles; to render detection certain, he is accompanied by a popular member of his band: how is that for high? No, really we do not ask for subtlety, or fine character-study of the King as in "Richard Yea or Nay," or close fidelity to history or life; but rather more common-sense in the persons of the play and a little greater ingenuity and invention on the part of the authors may fairly be demanded. Yet the public did not seem to make the demand, and, surrendering its thinking powers, as if at a musical comedy instead of a musical melodrama, it applauded enthusiastically and was thrilled by all the alarms and excursions. Much of the success, no doubt, is due to the popularity, the personal magnetism, of Mr. Lewis Waller, the idol of the lady playgoers. They identify the part with him rather than him with the part, and their judgments are suspended. If he has attempted to disguise himself it follows that he has succeeded, though our fluttering hearts would divine him through any mask. What a part he has—fighting, drinking, uttering noble speeches, rescuing men and saving a fair lady, exhibiting a touch of masculine diffidence and simplicity in love, displaying splendid loyalty, ready with his knees for the true King and his arrow for the false, and even singing. "Mr. Lewis Waller with song"; and the fact that he is hardly a Caruso was a subtle bond of sympathy, and the little jokes on the stage about Robin's voice were tenderly echoed in the house, and had a kind of Hicksian humour. Who wouldn't be an actor—if certain of such a reward?

Your earnest student of drama may stay away—the piece is hardly one for the clientèle of the Court. It is of the brightest twopence—coloured variety. You leave your intelligence in the cloak-room and delight in the gay dresses, the pretty scenery, the bustle of the ever-moving players, and the charming music written by Mr. Herbert Bunting. For there is almost enough singing for a comic opera, and the composer has set Mr. Hamilton's capital lyrics to lively melodies, and wisely avoided any effort at time-colour; and Mr. A. E. George sang successfully; and Mr. Cecil Cameron (son, I was told, of Miss Violet Cameron, with whom we all have been in love) used a charming voice excellently, and "brought down the house"—whatever that

may mean. Then there is Miss Evelyn Millard, acting with spirit and looking delightful—a perfect Rosalind in two acts—though the lady was compelled to "protest too much" about her modesty. We might have preferred the Maid Marian, the forest Queen, to this Lady Marian de Vaux, who does not join Robin till Richard has made him an Earl; but to say so is no criticism of Miss Millard's charming work. Miss Dorothy Minto was a delightfully saucy little maid; Miss Georgie Esmond plays capitally; and I am not sure that the others had a real chance of distinguishing themselves.



THE AMERICAN NINA IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER": MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON.

Miss Margaret Illington, who recently appeared in "The Lion and the Mouse," is Mrs. Daniel Frohman. She is playing Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part in "His House in Order" in America.—[Photograph by Fowler.]



THE AUTHOR OF "THE VIRGIN GODDESS": MR. RUDOLF BESIER.

Mr. Besier's play, which introduces the old classic chorus, was produced at the Adelphi last night. Miss Lily Brayton plays Althea; Mr. Oscar Asche, Haephestion; Miss Madge McIntosh, Virgin; and Miss Genevieve Ward, Cleito.

SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM"

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.

The piece, which ought to amuse everybody, has a good chance of success, but certainly requires some compression, and the acting, though excellent in detail, is slow. Mr. Dagnall, quite clever and diverting as the fatuous Inspector, seems to set the pace in the first scene of the play, and he sins in the way of over-elaboration. Mr. Eric Lewis's work as the Socialist Baronet is quite admirable; his air of sincerity is only matched by the perfect naturalness of Miss Carlotta Addison's distress as his wife at her husband's vagaries. In excellent contrast is the dry, humorous picture by Mr. Goodrich of the priggish son. Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss M. Bussé do all that is possible—which is not very much—with their parts; a pity that the author has not succeeded in developing them skilfully.

In "The Lemonade Boy," Miss Gladys Unger shows more instinct for the theatre than for drama. Fifteen years ago the work, which is really clever, would have been warmly welcomed; but we have got much closer to real life since then. As it stands, the sentimental story, despite a rather fine stroke at the end, seems a little violently theatrical to those who have seen "The Silver Box" or the low-life plays of Messrs. Fenn and Pryce. It has at least promise enough to make one ask for more, and the author may complain that it was not very well acted, except so far as Miss Minnie Terry's small part was concerned, though Mr. Heggie showed some rather undisciplined talent.

Presumably it is very difficult to give a plausible air on the stage to adventurous exploits, yet I think something more convincing might have been contrived by Messrs. Hamilton and Devereux than the doughty deeds of "Robin Hood" at the Lyric. The bold outlaw,

FEATURING THE FEATURING TROUBLE.



MISS MAUDI DARRELL AS "EDNA MAY" AND MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS "CAMILLE CLIFFORD"
IN "THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH.

The "featuring" differences at the Vaudeville are amusingly recalled in "The Beauty of Bath" by a song, "The Stage," in which Miss Maudie Darrell appears as "Edna May" and Miss Sydney Fairbrother as "Camille Clifford."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

DRINK TO LIVE; DON'T LIVE TO DRINK!



PATIENT *(who has been overdoing it)*: Well, tell me, Doctor. Hoo mony whuskies may I tak' durin' the day?

DOCTOR: Weel, ye maun be regular. Tak' ane afore yer breakfast, anither after; anither at eleven, anither at twelve; anither afore yer lunch, and ane after; ane at four, ane at five, ane at six; ane afore yer dinner, ane wi't, an' anither after; ane at nine, ane at ten, an' syne ane when ye're in yer bed. But, mind, ye mauna keep on dram, dram, drammin' a' day.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Edison Juggins, the Greatest Inventor of the Age.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



I.—THE EDISON JUGGINS SHOOT-ROUND-THE-CORNER RIFLE.

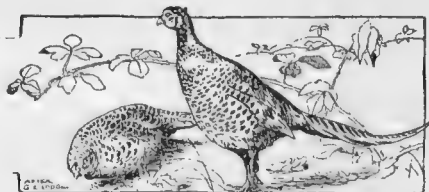
Mr. Edison Juggins tells us that, although not a first-rate marksman, he thought it better to make the first trial of his shoot-round-the-corner rifle in person. He is more than satisfied with the test, and is certain, from his experience, that the results of his patent will be widely felt.

N.B.—Mr. Edison Juggins (no connection with the other Edison), the self-styled greatest inventor of the age, here presents humanity with the results of years of brain-wearing patent-creating. All his more important patents will be illustrated in our pages.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



Exit the Bat. Now comes the season when we shall look in vain for that pleasant little fellow, the bat. He cannot migrate with any of the birds that came from over-sea about the time he was leaving his winter quarters, and went back again before he had quite realised that summer was over. In fact he made a pleasant and plucky effort to travel about when the hand of autumn was laid with no uncertain grip upon the country-side. Perhaps our mild October has helped to deceive him. As soon as the air grew cold enough he had no choice but to retire, for the insects upon which he had lived and thrived during the summer-time were disappearing. Probably he spent his last few hours among them eating as many as he could, and now he rests in some quiet chimney-corner suspended by the thumbs, and dreaming, doubtless, if he dreams at all, of a spring that is yet to come. When the bats have gone to their winter quarters—for they do not live in the same place throughout the year—there is no use in trying to disguise the near approach of winter. The land is no longer fit for sensitive things to live on, so the birds are gone, the insects are dead, and the bat has left his summer quarters, in tree or barn, and has sought the shelter of some friendly roof.

Warm Winter Days Curiously enough,
that Cause the win-
Awakening. ter sleep

is not an unbroken one. Just as the dormouse wakes on fine winter days and goes in search of the food-store that he secreted before he retired to his comfortable winter home, so the bat will flutter out on a fine winter day, as though the heat and the light had found their way to the dim corner where he sleeps, and had given him a wrong impression of the time of year. In an old farmhouse, where the building decays steadily, and the farmer—being his own landlord—cannot afford to execute the necessary repairs, I have seen a bat or two come fluttering into the living-room, through a hole in the ceiling, on fine days in December or January. It has never stayed very long, and has doubtless retired to rest a sadder and a wiser creature, because the pangs of hunger must be considerably increased by movement. Creatures that hibernate reduce the action of their internal machinery to the slowest possible pace. If their bodies wasted at the rate associated with their greatest activity, they could never live through the winter. As it is, nearly everything that faces the spring after long months of sleep is in a feeble condition, and in places where the necessary food is not to be found at once, the death-rate is very high indeed.

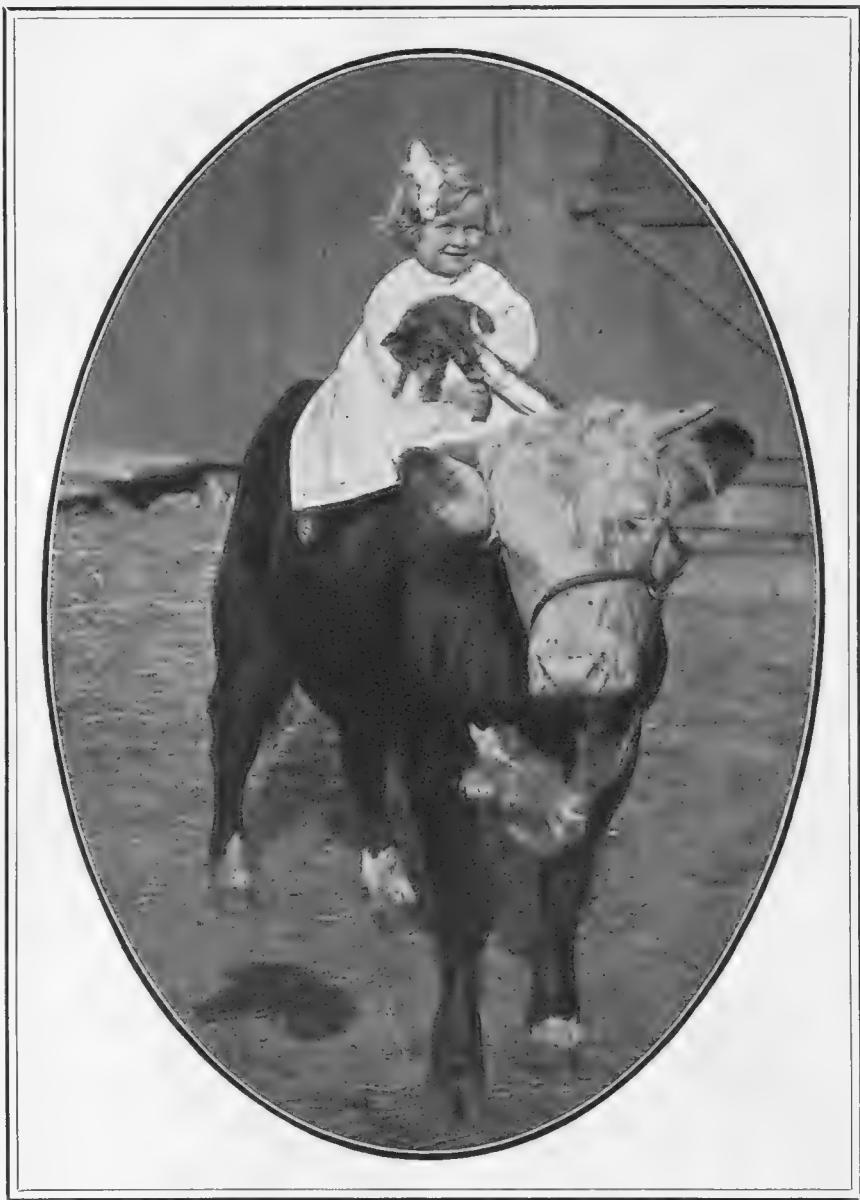
Enter the Fog. How soon the fog follows the departure of the bat to his winter quarters, and how curiously foggy days act upon game! Shooting some years ago in rough country, where birds were very wild and driving was impossible, because I was living for the greater part of the time alone, and the sport was not good enough to justify me in asking

friends to share it, I found that the chances of partridge-shooting, when September was out, were regulated almost entirely by the accidents of fog and snow. There were days in November, when the mornings came wrapped in a heavy white shroud, beyond the power of the early sun to pierce. The mist never seemed to reach very high, because long before it was dispersed one could hear larks singing in clear air above; but on these mornings, just as the land was clearing, it was possible to find the brown birds. Later in the season there were a few days of real fog—the yellow-brown variety, and then the partridges were entirely confused.

Gunners who chose the hour when the fog was dispersing and was becoming patchy could always rely on a few brace to reward their long tramp over wet land. To appreciate the pleasure of securing the birds under these conditions, one must have had the experience, week after week, of seeing the coveys leave the field at the far end as soon as anybody entered it.

*Birds in
Mist.*

Birds have a great horror of fog, and I never realised their nervousness more than I did on an occasion when I was caught in a real Scottish mist on a grouse moor. It came suddenly from nowhere in particular, and found me asleep on the heather, and when I woke there was nothing for me to do but wait for it to clear, for the way down to the lowlands was very steep and strewn with boulders, and I didn't know the country-side intimately. While I waited for the mist to go, a covey of grouse settled in my immediate neighbourhood, and expressed their concern in fashion that was almost human. The parent bird challenged several times, but his cry was not the complete one heard in the early morning, when he flutters straight up from heather or stone dyke, and—according to the Highlanders—calls in Gaelic for his sword. It was rather the shortened cry of alarm that he utters when he is raised suddenly from the heather within easy distance of the



LEARNING TO RIDE A STRANGE STEED.

Copyright Stereograph by Underwood and Underwood.

gun, and moves off as though he knew that the hand and the eye behind him are on the alert, and that he is having just as much law as will enable his enemy to stretch him dead on the ground within twenty yards of the gun. While the old bird expressed his concern, the younger ones were uttering various half-developed notes, and it needed very little imagination to suggest that one and all were terribly afraid. Against man they could employ their keen sight and strong flight, they could see the road to safety; now they were helpless, and when the mist at last shredded itself into white patches that rose up and dispersed, the old bird uttered his full challenge, with never a note left out, rising straight up into the air, as though he felt that the morning had come again. And because of his troubles and his great rejoicing at their termination, I allowed him to depart in peace with his family. Perhaps a little analysis of my own feelings would have proved the truth of the old adage that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

"THE REINCARNATION OF MOZART."



PEPITO ARRIOLA, THE NINE-YEAR-OLD WONDER-CHILD PIANIST, WHOSE PLAYING HAS CREATED A SENSATION.

Pepito Arriola is hailed as a genius. He is not yet ten years old, but his touch is said to be ideal, firm yet light, and his playing caused a sensation the other day. He was "discovered" by Professor Arthur Nikisch, and is still studying in Berlin. During the years of tuition he will only be allowed to come before the public at rare intervals, to encourage him and to enable him to show the progress he has made. The piano on which he plays was specially constructed for him, with keys that are narrower than usual. The smallness of his hands made this necessary. Pepito Arriola has been called "the reincarnation of Mozart," a happy augury for his artistic future.

Photograph by Histed.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BRAM STOKER'S "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" bids fair to be the book of the autumn. Mr. Stoker did not need to give proof of his literary ability. That is well attested by his books, and especially by that most striking story, "Dracula," a novel which will be reprinted in the cheap series of 2000 A.D. Nor did he need to give any confirmation of his loyal and devoted friendship for Sir Henry Irving, and his perfect knowledge of that great actor's life. These were matters beyond dispute. What he had to do in this book was to show that he could weave together three different strands, giving proper place to each. He had to give his own impressions of Irving as he saw him; he had to give some sort of history of Irving's career; and he had to say much about the notable personalities with whom Irving came in touch. To do all this in the right way, in the true proportion, and with the necessary delicacy and tact, was a task of no ordinary magnitude. Mr. Bram Stoker has accomplished it with triumphant success, and his work is a model of its kind.

Many reviewers will glean in this ample field, but there is so much of intense and varied interest that no can exhaust the book. Mr. Stoker tells us how he saw Irving in Dublin nearly forty years ago, and then again in May 1870, when he played Albery's comedy, "Two Roses." In the performance, the character of Digby Grant stood out inimitably. As Irving impersonated it, it bore the unmistakable marks of reality. Years afterwards, Mr. Stoker met the original, who was the late Chevalier Wikoff. The Chevalier in his youth had been a very big, handsome man, who used to swagger sublimely down the streets of Philadelphia. He had been a friend and lover of the celebrated dancer, Fanny Elssler, who was so big and yet so agile that when she bounded in on the stage, appearing to light from the wings to the footlights in a single leap, the house seemed to shake. Wikoff was an artful old man when Mr. Stoker met him. He was a little hard of hearing; but he simulated complete deafness, and there was little said within a reasonable distance that he did not hear. He was a trusted agent of the Bonapartes, and he held strange secrets of the family. It was he who contrived to bring from France to England the last treasures of the Imperial house after Sedan. Every year, right up to the end of his long life, he disappeared from London at a certain date. He was making his pilgrimage to Paris, where on a given day he laid some flowers on a little grave long after the child's mother, the dancer, had died. His last days were clouded, and in a humble lodging-house he was arrayed in a bizarre dressing-jacket, frayed at edge and cuff, with ragged frogs and stray buttons. He had also the flamboyant smoking-cap of the period, with yellow tassel. Mr. Stoker took from Irving some creature comforts for the poor old man, who seemed genuinely grateful. He complained in the course of the talk that Irving had "taken him off" for "that fellow in 'Two Roses.'"

Irving's first reception in Dublin was unfavourable. He filled the place of a local favourite who had been for some reason summarily dismissed, and the public visited their displeasure on him. On this, Mr. Stoker comments that nothing is so deadly to the actor as to be hissed. When the crazy fool who murdered poor William Terriss was tried at Bow Street, the Court was crowded by actors. The murderer was an alleged actor, and they wanted to punish him. When he was placed in the dock, with one impulse they hissed him. Mr. Stoker has an equally strong conviction of the tonic effect of applause.

Mr. Stoker won Irving's heart by his genuine appreciation, and the end of it was that the two joined hands for twenty-seven years. There is something notably impressive in Mr. Bram Stoker's retrospect of their association: "Looking back, I cannot honestly find any moment in my life when I failed him. . . . By my dealing with him I am quite content to be judged, now and hereafter. In my own speaking to the dead man I can find an analogue in the words of heartbreaking sincerity—

"Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me!"

Among the literary friends of Irving of whom Mr. Stoker writes, Tennyson is by far the most prominent. When Tennyson saw

Irving's Hamlet for the second time he said: "I did not think Irving could have improved his Hamlet of five years ago; but now he has improved it five degrees. And those five degrees have lifted it to Heaven!" On Tennyson's character Mr. Stoker has some acute remarks. He insists on his noble simplicity and on his exact veracity. Tennyson was a fighter, not in the sense that he was quarrelsome, but that he had the militant quality. He had at times that lifting of the upper lip which shows the canine tooth, and is so marked an indication of the pugnacious instinct. Sir Richard Burton had this even in a higher degree. Another characteristic of Tennyson was his extraordinary sensitiveness. To the last he complained of anonymous letters, and of the way in which some writers for the Press had treated him. Even Sir Edwin Arnold had written an interview without his knowledge and consent, and it was full of lies. On the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy Tennyson was naturally emphatic and scornful. "What ridiculous stuff!" he said. "Fancy that greatest of all love-poems, 'Romeo and Juliet,' written by a man who wrote, 'Great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion'!" (from Bacon's "Essay on Love.") Though on friendly

terms with Mr. Barrie, Irving declined his play, "The Professor's Love Story," though he had an option on it. He came to the conclusion that it was not in his own special range of work, and obtained permission from the author to submit it to J. L. Toole and John Hare. Both these players were delighted with the work, but neither had it in his vogue. Finally another actor saw his way to it, and made with it both a hit and a fortune.

But, after all, it is the personality of Irving himself which interests the reader most. We gather from Mr. Stoker that Irving was a man of intense will. When he made up his mind to a course of action he was not to be moved. He had an extraordinary eye for scenery, and he never spared expense. The lavishness of his productions in some cases seriously damaged him, but Irving was a strong man who never showed a sign of fear. Whether danger came in an instant unexpectedly or slowly to expecting eyes, it never disturbed him, always found him ready.

But perhaps the most fascinating and moving part of this admirable book is the story of Irving's decline. We are made to see that the great calamity that fell upon him was the burning of the Lyceum storage in 1898. The prime cost of the property destroyed was over £30,000, and the cost price was the least part of the loss. Nothing could repay the time and labour and artistic experience spent upon the scenery and properties. They were insured for only £6000, and their loss checkmated the repertoire side of Irving's management. The fire deprived him of all he had built up. Had it not occurred he could

have gone on playing his repertoire for many years, and would never have had to produce a new play. Irving's financial affairs were wholly committed to Mr. Stoker. When he began Irving had given bills for £12,000. This debt was fully paid, and throughout his whole managerial career his payment was twenty shillings in the pound, with added interest whenever such was due. In 1878 he received a loan of £1500 from Mrs. Brown, the lifelong companion and friend of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and she left him £5000. This was the only money which Irving received for which he did not work through all the long course of his toilsome years. The takings for his own playing between the time of beginning management, Dec. 30, 1878, and the day of his death, Oct. 13, 1905, amounted to the amazing total of over two million pounds sterling. Then came the sad story of the Lyceum Theatre Company, in which Irving went against Mr. Stoker's advice; this was followed by serious illness. Still Irving went on acting. He had not provided for his old age, and he had to toil unendingly; but he made no complaints, and went on unfalteringly, playing the game well with the last ounce of his strength and to the last moment of life. "He made throughout years a great fortune, but nearly all of it he spent as it came on his art, and in helping his poorer brethren. His own needs were small. He lived in a few rooms, ate sparingly, drank moderately. He had no vices that I know of: he was not extravagant, did not gamble, was not ostentatious even in his charities. There are many widows and orphans to mourn his loss, if only for his comforting sympathy and the helping of his friendly hand." Mr. Bram Stoker has built a monument more lasting than brass to his great and dear friend.

O. O.



MR. BRAM STOKER,

Whose "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" has just been published.

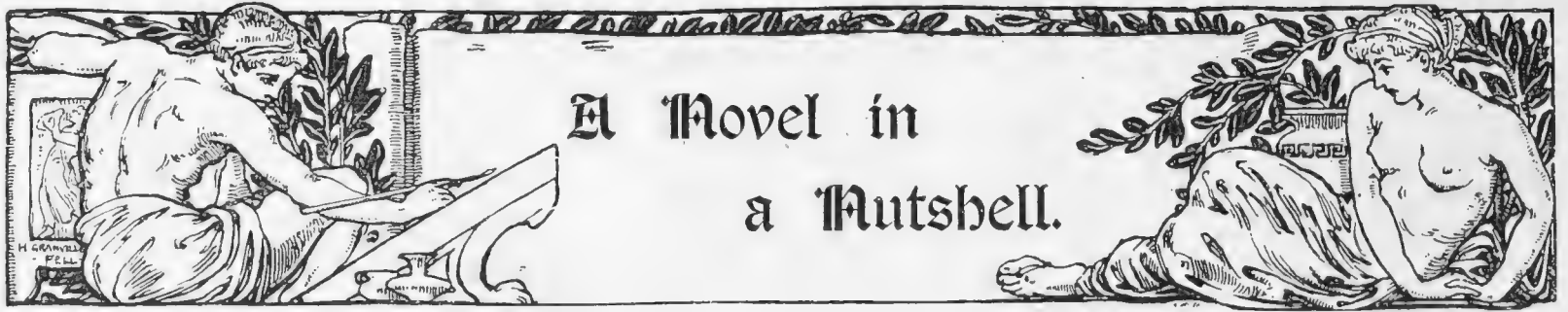
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Heinemann, publisher of the volumes.

A BALD ASSERTION.



THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BEARD: Surely you are splitting hairs, Professor?
THE GENTLEMAN WITHOUT: No. I'm merely stating the bald facts.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE EXILE

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE last of the English visitors had left, and her thoughts were of the long winter that lay ahead, of the many days that would be repetitions of this day, with its weary fight against the depression that threatened to overwhelm her.

A fine rain began to fall, and she turned up the collar of her coat.

"Oh, how I hate it!" she thought passionately, including the entire prospect in a comprehensive glance.

On her left was the wide, grey sea, behind her the tiny Irish village, on the right a few scattered cabins, and in front her home.

It was a good-sized house, just passable when the sun shone on its whitewashed walls, but now, seen in the dusk and through the rain, dreary enough. To coax a creeper to soften its hard outline was impossible. Even in the garden, surrounded as it was by high walls, only the hardiest shrubs would grow.

At the gate she noticed a bright light in the dining-room. Was she late, or had Ken got back earlier than he expected?

She let herself in and opened the dining-room door. A man came towards her, smiling.

"You!" she cried in astonishment. "How jolly! But how in the world did you get here?"

He looked at her with subdued admiration. The wind had lashed the colour to her cheeks, and blown her hair in little tendrils round the edge of her tam-o'-shanter, and excitement had made her eyes shine.

"The same way, I suspect," he said, "as you did a year ago."

She laughed and rang for tea. "I am sorry for you. That awful train journey, with ruins of every kind of building on every side! And the two hours' wait at the Junction. And the nineteen-mile drive to finish up with. Oh, indeed it was brave of you to come."

"Was it? With the prospect at the journey's end of—a friend?"

She gave him a quick glance and her spirits rose. Because she had been married a year she had not necessarily forgotten the rules of the game, and it was delicious to think of playing it again. It was two years since the man had asked her to marry him, and been refused. That had been the end of a delightful game. How nice of him to be ready for another—under slightly different conditions, of course—but still pleasant enough.

"You've brought the atmosphere of London with you," she said appreciatively. "No, I don't mean fog. And, of course, it may be only that there's an evening paper sticking out of your coat pocket."

"Yesterday's," he reminded her.

"Of course; but you must remember that for here that is startlingly up to date. We live in the day before yesterday." She was pouring out tea. "Very little sugar and no milk," she said reminiscently, and handed him the cup, "unless you've changed."

He let his eyes meet hers. "No, I've not changed," he said, and she laughed light-heartedly. The game was in merry progress.

But suddenly a thought struck her. She leaned forward in her chair.

"You've not come, have you," she asked, "about Ken? Because he's quite well, he says. Have you seen him?"

He made a reproachful gesture. "Am I always to be a doctor to you now? Can't you forgive me because I once had to pass sentence of death on you?"

She started. "Sentence of death? On me?"

He looked towards the window. The rain was driven by sharp gusts of wind against the panes, and the sea thundered angrily against the rocks below.

"Wasn't it?" he asked softly.

She turned away, but not before her eyes had thanked him for his sympathy.

"Ken will be in," she said with an effort, "in a few minutes. I do hope —" She hesitated.

"Yes?"

"That you will think it safe for him to go back to London."

"I hope so. He dislikes the work?"

"The Fisheries? Oh, no. It interests him now he's got into it. And Lord Traverton gives him a free hand, you see. As long as he has to lead an outdoor life, nothing could suit him better than this; but —" She smiled rather forlornly.

"Yes," he said, "it's very rough on you. I'm sorry." His eyes invited confidence, and she did not withhold it.

"You know," she began in a low voice, "it's the awful loneliness. Last winter was bad enough, but at least I didn't know beforehand how bad it was going to be. But this winter, if we have to stay, I shall—I do. If only I were different! But I love laughter and music and dancing and pretty clothes. And here we're just buried alive, and it gets worse and worse to bear. Do you know, sometimes I go and open the drawers where my frocks are—my dance frocks that I can never wear—and I—I just howl!"

"Poor little Peggy," he said softly, and she did not notice what he called her.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she went on, "if we hadn't planned everything differently. But it was so hard, when we'd only been married two months, that Ken should get weak lungs and be banished here. You'll despise me, I suppose, for minding so much, but if you'd spent a whole year here—" She made a despairing gesture.

A rather curious expression crossed his face.

"Why not go away for a holiday?" he suggested.

"A holiday? But Ken can't get away at this time of year."

"No?" he said with a faint smile.

She flushed. He was amused at her for implying that husbands and wives were as inseparable as semi-detached houses.

"And I couldn't face that awful journey all alone," she added hurriedly.

"No; but I wonder—"

"What?"

"Well, I was going to ask if you'd put me up till Thursday, and—"

"Why, of course!" she interrupted. "How can you ask? But I'm afraid you'll be thankful when Thursday comes." She smiled at him, remembering the game.

"That depends," he said, "on what you decide to do."

She looked up quickly, but he had leaned back in his chair and his face was in shadow.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, I have a message for you. My sister Nora is in Dublin, and I saw her on my way here. She asked me to say that she hopes you will spend a month or two in town with her this winter."

"Lady Warrender?" She looked astonished. "But—I was sure she had forgotten me. She never writes."

"When did you begin to expect letters from Nora? I doubt if I have had three from her in my life. But I assure you she meant what she said. I am meeting her in Dublin on Thursday. Why not come up to town with us?"

Her eyes danced. "To town on Thursday? Oh, how I'd love to! But—"

There was a sound in the hall. "That's Ken," she said. "Oh, no, I couldn't. He'd be so fearfully lonely." She sighed. "But oh, if I could!"

She slipped out of the room when the first greetings were over.

"You'd better let me see how you're getting on," suggested the doctor.

The other man assented. "You know, Mallory," he said, "I feel tremendously fit. It seems such a farce my posing as a consumptive here that I quite meant to come and see you as soon as we could get away for a few days. You see, it's Peggy."

[Continued overleaf.]

"EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST."



TYPES OF MANLY AND FEMININE BEAUTY.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Peggy's just—oh, wilting here, though she doesn't say anything. It's confoundedly hard on her, and—well, am I all right?"

Mallory hesitated. "You're all right," he said, "here, Vincent."

"Oh, hang it, man, you don't mean that?"

"I'm afraid I do. It's not safe for you to go back yet."

"How long?"

"Another year."

Vincent's expression showed disappointment not unmingled with perplexity.

"It's so rummy," he protested, "that I should *feel* all right. You're quite sure?"

Mallory's voice grew cold. "You distrust my judgment? By all means consult someone else."

"Oh, I say"—Vincent was taken aback—"you know I didn't mean that. Everyone knows these confounded lungs are your specialty. It was only that I felt a bit sick about it because of Peggy."

Mallory was appeased.

"I gathered from Mrs. Vincent that it's dull here in winter. In fact—"

"Well?"

"Oh, I was only going to say—but I don't know if Mrs. Vincent would like it."

"Oh, go on, man; Peggy and I don't have secrets."

Mallory smiled. "No? Well, it was only that if you think Mrs. Vincent needs a change I've brought an invitation from my sister for her. But she refused to mention it to you."

Vincent whistled dismally.

"Oh, I say, it would be the very devil, you know."

"For you? So Mrs. Vincent thought." There was just the faintest sting of contempt in his voice.

Vincent had no time to answer; Peggy had come back.

"Please tell me," she said.

"I'm all right," Vincent explained quickly, "but I've got to stop here another year."

"A year?" she cried desolately. "A whole year?"

Vincent nodded. "Poor Peggy," he said. "But I'm not going to be such a brute as to keep you here all the time. Luckily, Mallory has told me of Lady Warrender's invitation. It's just the thing to cheer you up."

"Oh, but you can't stay here alone," she protested weakly. "He oughtn't to have told you. I—I don't want to go."

They both laughed at her tone of desperation.

"Nonsense!" said Vincent decidedly. "Of course you're going."

Mallory had strolled over to the bookshelf. Vincent bent over the back of her chair. "You're just a brick, Peggy," he whispered.

They were nearly halfway to the station before excitement conquered remorse in her. A little ripple of merriment escaped her.

"A penny?" he suggested, smiling.

"You'll laugh," she said; "but I don't care a bit. I was just thinking how delicious a real pavement will feel to one's feet. Do you know, in one of my trunks there are boots and shoes that I've never been able to wear. Have you never been thrilled by an absolutely perfect shoe?"

"Of course; yours."

"Oh, you know I wasn't fishing. I meant of your own."

A puff of wind blew a corner of a long scarf she wore across his face, and his eyes softened as he touched it. But she was not looking.

"Surely it's too good to be true," she said. "Surely I shall wake up and find that the groceries from Dublin haven't come, and that we've got to eat butter tasting of peat."

They turned a corner, and narrowly escaped driving over a girl who was walking in the middle of the road. She seemed not to see or hear them.

"Why, it's Lizzie Waters," cried Peggy, turning. "Please stop. I must speak to her. There's something the matter."

He glanced at her in surprise.

"There's lots of time; don't look so astonished. She's only a servant girl, but, you see, she's English."

She jumped down, and he took the car on till he was out of hearing.

"What is it?" said Peggy gently. "Can I help?"

The girl looked up dully. "Thank you, 'M, but there ain't nothing to be done. Pat's dead."

Peggy started. "Pat? But—but I saw him yesterday."

"Yes, 'M; it was early this morning. A crane broke."

"Then he—he was at work?" Peggy asked. But she knew the question was superfluous. Where was there a crane except at the Fisheries?

"Yes, 'M."

Peggy felt suddenly faint. If it had been Ken! And it might just as easily have been Ken.

"Poor Lizzie," she said softly.

The girl made a hopeless gesture. "He didn't die for two hours. And he called out for me most of the time, and I wasn't there."

"But you couldn't help that," Peggy tried to comfort her. "You're in service in Galway, aren't you?"

The girl gave a hard little laugh. "Yes 'M; and I'm rightly punished. Couldn't help it? Do you see these things?" She pointed to her dress, which was a vivid blue, and to her hat, heavy

with feathers. "When I come out here from England, as maid to Mrs. Drummond, I was fit to kill myself with fretting at the outlandishness of the place. There wasn't nothing right for me, and I was fair wild to get back home."

Peggy gave her a startled glance.

"Yes?" she said.

"But then—after I knew Pat—it was all different. And when Mrs. Drummond went back to England, I give notice so as to stay here near him. We was to get married at Christmas. But my wages was, soon gone, and I was always one for liking to look dressy. So I told Pat I should go to service in Galway till Christmas. He didn't want me to go, but I would. I'd always bin used to a town and a bit of life, which was another reason. And now he's dead, and I don't know what I ever seed in them things. If I'd been in time to speak to him—" Her voice trembled for the first time, but she went on. "And I've spent all my money on these clothes, so I can't even buy a bit of black."

Peggy's face was white. She made an uncertain movement. The man in the car in front turned round, and he held something in his hand. Was it his watch? She turned to the girl, and her uncertainty had vanished.

"Lizzie, I can't stay," she said rapidly; "and you must hurry too if you're to catch the Galway boat. You must let me do the only thing I can for you. Get some black things with this."

The girl looked in a dazed way at the gold in her hand. Then her eyes softened. "Thank you, 'M," she said; "I will. Maybe, when I don't have to wear these things no more, it won't seem so crool hard." It was more a question than a statement.

Tears were in Peggy's eyes. "I hope not," she said, and hurried to where Mallory was waiting.

"I'm sorry to have been so long," she said. "The man the girl's engaged to has been killed in an accident at the Fisheries."

"Poor chap!" he said with easy compassion, and drove on. He glanced back carelessly. "That gorgeous attire looks a bit incongruous, doesn't it?" he said.

She did not answer.

When the station came in sight she turned and faced him.

"Dr. Mallory," she said bravely, "I'm going home."

His fingers tightened on the reins, but he professed to misunderstand her.

"Why, of course," he said lightly; "this is the way, isn't it?"

She shook her head. "Home to Ken," she explained.

His mouth hardened. "Oh, home to Ken," he repeated slowly. Then he bent closer to her, and his voice was fierce. "You don't mean it—you can't! You must come!"

She shrank from him, and suddenly he laughed bitterly.

"What a fool I am! But you took me by surprise, you know. I'm—disappointed."

She was glad when the train had started. Till it had actually gone she had a curious feeling that Mallory might somehow compel her to join him.

Ken was in the dining-room when she got back. The remains of the tea-things were on the table, the curtains had not been drawn, or the fire made up.

"I've come home, Ken," she said simply.

He rushed at her with a great shout. "You little brick!" he said unsteadily; and she laughed, well content.

It was an hour later that the maid came in with a letter. It was from Mallory; he had written it at the Junction, and sent it by one of Ken's men.

Peggy opened it, and motioned to Ken to read over her shoulder.

"I've lost," they read, "and Vincent's won, for the second time. He—and you—shall taste the sweets of victory. I've nothing to gain now by silence. You refused to marry me two years ago, and I couldn't forget. When your husband came to me after he had pneumonia I saw my chance and took it. He needed just ordinary care; he need never have left London at all. But I wanted you, Peggy, and didn't care what I did to get you. I thought I knew you so well, too—just what you could stand and what you couldn't; and it was I who got Lord Traverton to offer him the Fisheries. I meant to do the thing thoroughly, you see, and wear you out. And I waited a year. The length of that year! But last week it was up, and I came to you. You were at the end of your tether, and I was pretty sure of you. But I added on another year just to make certain. And you gave way. What happened to-day, I wonder? You couldn't have found out that Nora wasn't waiting for us, but that my yacht was? No, I don't think it was that. I shall never know, I suppose, and it doesn't much matter. Whatever it was, it was a near thing. You nearly came, Peggy, didn't you? But when you said 'Home to Ken,' I knew I'd lost.—R. M."

They sat very still for an instant. Then Ken took the letter from her gently, and put it on the fire. For a second a spurt of flame lit up one sentence—"You nearly came, Peggy, didn't you?"

Ken's hand tightened round hers. "By Jove!" he breathed.

"We met Lizzie Waters," she explained, "and she told me about Pat. And—and I knew that it might just as well have been you. And then—oh, I just wanted to come home."

Ken was unaccustomed to clothing his thoughts in words. He had resort to the comprehensive remark that satisfied all needs—even Peggy's.

"You—little—brick!" he said with conviction.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WITH the termination of the run of "The Winter's Tale" at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening, Miss Ellen Terry will of necessity bring her performances to an end, so far at least as London is concerned, for she is under contract with Mr. Charles Frohman to play a three months' season in America, beginning early in the new year.

The withdrawal of "The Winter's Tale" will not cause any lengthy closing of His Majesty's Theatre, for Mr. Tree recognised that the public interest in Mr. Michael Morton's adaptation of Thackeray's great novel, and in his own performance of Colonel Newcome, had by no means been exhausted by the run that production enjoyed before the summer. He will revive "Colonel Newcome" on Monday, a fact to which several fine and large posters representing him in that character have drawn attention during the last ten days. All the original members of the company return to their old places, with the exception of Miss Marion Terry, who is acting at Wyndham's, and her part will be played, as it has been in the provinces, by Mrs. Percival; so that while Saturday will be marked by the enthusiasm of parting, Monday will be no less marked by the enthusiasm of welcome.

For the first half of the week beginning on the second Monday in November Mr. Arthur Bouchier will be acting in Stratford-on-Avon, and on one of those three nights he will produce "Macbeth," in accordance with the invitation of the Governors of the Shakspeare Memorial Association. To this end, he is rehearsing the tragedy every day, in addition to playing eight performances a week and devoting one afternoon this week and next to delivering his lecture, "William Shakspeare, Maker of Men," to the Glasgow and Edinburgh branches of the British Empire Shakspeare Society.



THE REOPENING OF A FAMOUS CENTRE OF BOHEMIAN LIFE: THE MOULIN ROUGE, PARIS.

After having been closed for a considerable period, the famous Moulin Rouge has reopened its doors. The new management has already met with much success, and seems likely to find that success continued.

"Macbeth" is already bespoken for next year in Dublin in consequence of Mr. Bouchier's considerable success as Shylock in that city.

Two plays, distinguished by being dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty the Queen and the German Emperor respectively, are to be produced for copyright purposes during the course of the next few days under altogether exceptional circumstances. They are "The Republicans" and "The Citizens of Gotham," written by Dr. Charles Hermann Liebbrand, and they will be presented in the

are to be invited, and they will be presented with printed copies of the plays to be studied at their leisure, so that they may be well acquainted with the works before they are produced by Mr. Marshall Moore, who will be associated with the author for that purpose. In addition, a third play by Mr. Liebbrand, "The Crusaders to the Lurley," will also be copyrighted during the week under the same conditions. These three plays have also been adapted—not translated—by the author into French and German, for he is a fine linguist, and speaks several European languages with equal fluency.

On Monday evening, Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker will change the bill at the Court, though they will not change the author, for they will substitute "Man and Superman" for "John Bull's Other Island." The change will be signalled by the reappearance of Mr. Granville Barker as John Tanner and Miss Lillah McCarthy as Ann Whitefield. Other parts will be played by the actors who have already distinguished themselves at the Court, including Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Hubert Harben, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Lewis Casson, Miss Grace Lane, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Miss Florence Haydon.

All being well, and there is no reason why it should not, Saturday evening may be confidently looked forward to for the reopening of Daly's Theatre with "Les Merveilleuses," with the fine cast mentioned last week and with auxiliaries and accessories on an even more elaborate scale than is usual at Daly's, which Mr. George Edwardes has made renowned for the magnificence and elaborateness of its productions.

The season is fast making its reputation for the production of authors' first plays. Readers of *The Sketch* will remember that



THE PARISIAN CHANTEUSE WHO IS APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE: MME. JUNIORI.

Mme. Juniore, who is appearing at the Empire for a short special engagement, is introducing a new repertoire, and, incidentally, displaying some wonderful Parisian fashion confections.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

regular way during the course of the season. Copyright performances are invariably perfunctory readings of plays in the presence of a self-sacrificing friend who has paid a guinea for a seat in order to comply with the requirements of the law for a "public performance." To Dr. Liebbrand's plays, however—which will be intelligently and intelligibly read by good actors—all the critics

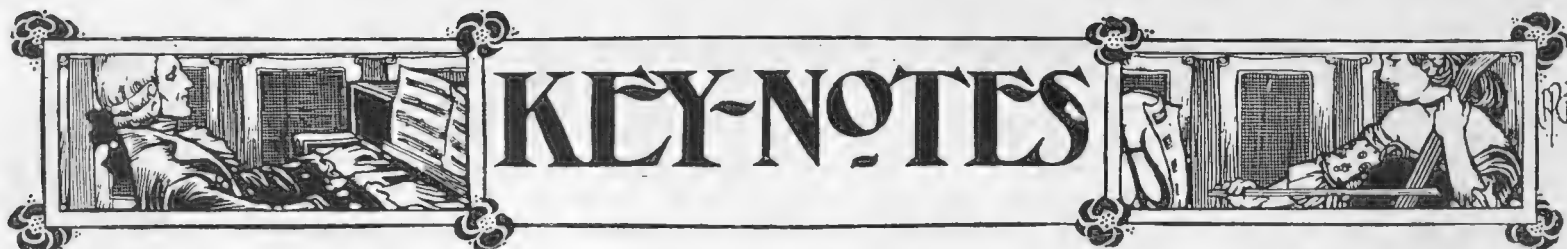


THE NEW MIMIC WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE TIVOLI: MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

Miss Mayne, who recently met with much success at the Palace, is to appear at the Tivoli. She sings original songs, but gives them in the manner and with the gestures of well-known artists.

Photograph by Hana.

That his early success will stimulate Mr. Besier to continue writing for the stage is unquestionable, and as he has that greatest of qualities, enthusiasm, everyone will hope that he will go far. His bias towards the theatre probably reached him as a happy inheritance, for one of his grandfathers was a Frenchman. His ancestry, however, was by no means so simple as that would suggest, for that grandfather became a naturalised Dutchman, while Mr. Besier's mother was a native of Guernsey, and he himself was born in Java. In Guernsey, however, he lived in his youth, and he went to school there, going subsequently to Heidelberg to finish his education.



At the second of the Royal Albert Hall Sunday Concerts, there appeared little Pepito Arriola, who, one is told, was born on December 14, 1896. He is a pianist who, if he fulfils his present promise, will most assuredly make his name in the musical history of our time. It is quite obvious that this boy was born to play the pianoforte; he has a remarkable touch, one that is both strong and tender; he is entirely free from any affectation, and plays with a pathos and a feeling for music which are positively astounding; his technical ability, also, was remarkably displayed in his rendering of Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor. Pepito Arriola is of Spanish origin, and was sent to Leipsic, where he studied under Rekondorf, and afterwards in Berlin under Moritz Mayer-Mahr. His first public appearance was made in the latter city.

A very cordial and hearty greeting was accorded to Madame Clara Butt on her return to the concert platform, after eight months' absence, at the Albert Hall a few days ago. The huge hall was to all practical purposes filled in every part, and baskets and bouquets of flowers were handed up to the artist in immense numbers. Madame Butt was in very fine voice, and sang Gluck's "Divinités du Styx" with rare charm and beauty of voice; as an encore she gave Brahms's "Guten Abend." An apology was made for Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who nevertheless pluckily adhered to his advertised programme, and sang, among other things, a new cycle of songs entitled "Songs of the Norseland" by Hermann Löhr, exceedingly well, although we cannot say that we consider them of great value. Miss Edith Evans also sang. M. Hollman played Max Bruch's version of the well-known Jewish air, "Kol Nidrei," with much depth of feeling. The London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, gave a very fine rendering of Schubert's overture, "Rosamunde."

The first concert of the present series—the fifty-first—of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on the 13th inst., when

Master Lionel Ovenden, the thirteen-year-old English boy, was both the solo violinist and solo pianist of the afternoon. He played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) and a Bach Chaconne with a true musical perception and a full sense of dignity. Miss Bertha Bird, Miss Lily Claire, and Mr. Charles Bennett were the vocalists of the afternoon.

Señor Sarasate gave the first of his recitals at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, and again demonstrated how magnificent an artist he is. He played Saint-Saëns' "Concertstück," which was dedicated to the distinguished violinist, which he rendered with much charm. Perhaps his most interesting contributions to the afternoon's programme were his own compositions, entitled



THE LEADING TENOR OF THE AUTUMN SEASON:
SIGNOR ZENATELLO.

Signor Zenatello, the leading tenor of the autumn opera season at Covent Garden, made his début in this country last year. He had already secured a high position in all the great centres of opera, and was spoken of as a rival of Caruso. While comparisons are ill timed and unnecessary, it will be admitted by one and all that Signor Zenatello is possessor of a really beautiful tenor voice, that he is the master of a dramatic method, and an operatic artist of the very front rank. He has the added advantages of youth and a fine stage presence, and has been a tower of strength to Covent Garden in the past three weeks.

Photograph by the Press Studio.

"Habañera Lenta" and the "Jota de Pablo," which he played in a most delicately impressive manner. Mr. Carlos Sobrino was the solo pianist of the afternoon, and joined with Sarasate in Schumann's Sonata in A minor for violin and piano.

A tenor new to London, Signor Carpi, made his first appearance at Covent Garden during the past week as the Duke in Verdi's

"Rigoletto." At the outset, it may be said that his voice is of that pure tenor quality scarcely heard nowadays; he showed that he has been trained in the true Italian school of art, and he also demonstrated how well-nigh perfect was Verdi's vocal writing. He is, too, a very excellent actor. Madame Melba again took the part of Gilda, and sang and acted with a self-forgetfulness and warmth which must be classed as being quite unsurpassable. Signor Mugnone again conducted admirably.

The first performance of Gounod's "Faust" has been given during the past week, and, without exaggeration, we heard the finest rendering of the name-part within our recollection. We have never heard the famous "Salve, dimora" sung so beautifully, and Signor Zenatello took the famous high note (C in alt.), which has often ruined the song by other tenors, with a complete sense of ease and a facility which were quite astonishing. There was no strain whatever in his singing; everything seemed to be perfectly simple to him. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted for the first time at Covent Garden, and though he took a very rapid tempo throughout, he nevertheless showed a thorough and complete mastery of the whole score. Madame Melba was the Marguerite of the occasion, and though her singing was very beautiful, she gave us the impression that she was suffering somewhat from nervousness. The remainder of the cast was quite adequate.



MISS MAY LESLIE STUART, DAUGHTER OF
MR. LESLIE STUART.

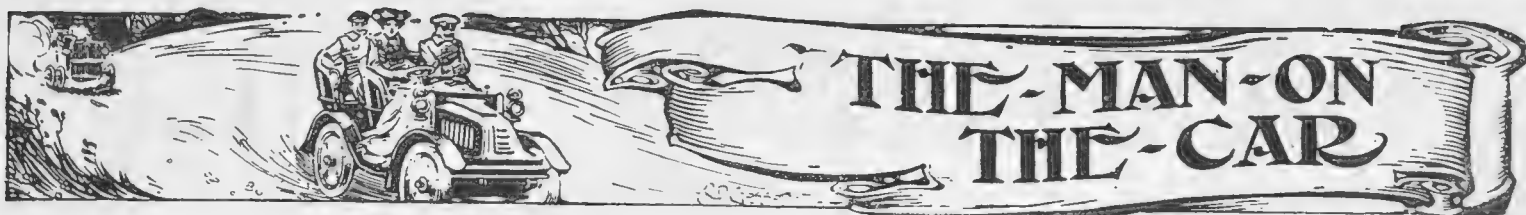
Miss May Leslie Stuart, daughter of the well-known composer, is generally expected to enter upon a stage career, and paragraphs to this effect have appeared, we believe, from time to time. Perhaps they are founded upon the fact that Miss Stuart has distinct musical gifts, and can play and sing very charmingly. It may be remarked that her father has decided that she is not to go upon the stage; consequently her talents, of whatever quality, will be kept for the benefit of her immediate circle.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

At the Promenade Concerts within the past few days has been produced, for the first time in England, "Variations for Strings on a Theme by Tschaikowsky," written by Arensky. The Variations show much musicianly feeling and are undoubtedly clever, though the work did not prove to be interesting until the last movement—a movement which shows much originality and a fine sense of orchestral feeling. In the earlier passages the original theme was practically undisguised. Mr. Arthur Catterall made his first appearance at these concerts on the same occasion as solo violinist, and played the first movement only of Joachim's Concerto in G, for that instrument and orchestra. He showed remarkable technical ability; but Mr. Catterall must acquire more sentiment for music before he can be ranked among the first violinists of his day. The orchestra, under Mr. Henry Wood, gave a magnificent rendering of the "Good Friday Music" from "Parsifal," and also the "Prelude" and "Liebestod" to "Tristan und Isolde." Miss Emily Foxcroft and Mr. Stuart Baynes were the vocalists of the evening.

At the Æolian Hall, a few days ago, Mr. Vernon d'Arnalle gave his first vocal recital, and demonstrated that he has a really fine voice, and though he must have worked hard at his art, he shows no signs whatever of attempting to overcome difficulties. His singing of Schubert's "Erk König" was exceedingly good—full of dramatic feeling, but without any exaggeration whatever. He also sang songs by Brahms, and two songs by Hugo Wolf. Miss Marjorie Haywood was the solo violinist of the afternoon, and played Handel's Sonata, in D very cleverly, though perhaps without much feeling.

COMMON CHORD.



BLACKPOOL—MOTOR-RACING STILL ATTRACTS—DAIMLER UNIFORMITY—PREMIUMS ON ANTI-MOTERING EVIDENCE—

WINTER DRIVING AND UNDER-SCREENS—A FUEL FAMINE.

HITHERTO, the managers of motor-racing meetings such as those held in past years at Brighton and Blackpool have failed to serve up the racing-dishes smartly. In both senses, the waiting has been awful, and we have been told, apropos of Blackpool in particular, that motor-racing would never draw a crowd again. The amount of truth in this prognostication was evidenced by the masses of interested and enthusiastic spectators lining the barriers of the longest sea-front in the kingdom on the 13th and 14th inst., and retaining their not too comfortable pitches for hours at a time despite the nipping and eager air, which was punctuated with showers of rain and hail. With this evidence before us, it can hardly be said that motor-racing is not popular with a Lancashire crowd, for folk simply poured into Blackpool by train and car on the morning of the second day's racing, although the weather was far from attractive. I cannot think they were drawn by the prospect of the touring-car events, for these were tame to a degree, and they waited patiently and long for such sensation as the racing-cars might provide. They had thus at least the gratification of seeing two records cut—the standing kilometre by A. Lee Guinness on his 200-h.p. Darracq, and the standing mile for light racing cars by Huntly Walker on his 80-h.p. Darracq; also the creation of a ladies' flying kilometre record by Miss Dorothy Levitt on the 90-h.p. Napier driven so successfully in the States by Clifford Earp.

The majority of the honours of both days went to the Darracq cars—at least, in the competitions provided for racing cars; but a remarkable feature of many of the events was the equal running of the 35-40-h.p. Daimler cars driven by both amateurs and professionals. In the flying kilometre for touring cars of the chassis price of under £900, Albert Farnell's 35-h.p. Daimler was only beaten by $\frac{1}{4}$ th sec. by A. Rawlinson's 40-h.p. Darracq, and directly after Farnell came five similar Daimlers, the slowest being within some four or five seconds of Farnell's time. Now this, to my mind, is a most remarkable performance, and speaks volumes for the consistent running

A particularly scandalous miscarriage of justice, of course concerning a motorist, took place in the Brentford Court a few days ago, whereby a premium has been set upon false swearing whenever motorists are prosecuted—I might really write persecuted—in the area administered by this tribunal. The danger of rewarding voluntary witnesses with sums of money from costs has already been set before the public by Dr. W. E. C. Musson, of Hammersmith, in a letter to the *Standard*, wherein attention was drawn to the case; but I am moved to dwell upon the matter by the Magisterial suggestion that it is wrong to pass a tramcar on the near side. Now, as a matter of fact, it is almost always so dangerous to pass a tram on the off side that it has for many years past become an accepted custom to overtake and pass trams on the near side, and anyone possessing some knowledge of the traffic conditions which obtain on the roads of the Metropolis will realise the wisdom of this. Yet here we have an instance of the maximum fine being imposed because a motor-car driver adheres to what is now a widely recognised custom. If the defendant in the case had driven any other vehicle but a motor-car—what then?



THE PRIZE FOR A RACE FOR MINIATURE MOTOR-BOATS: THE BRANGER CUP.

The race for miniature motor-boats will take place in Paris to-morrow, the 25th. The competing craft can have any kind of motor, and may be of any one of three lengths—not more than 60 centimetres (about 2 feet) over all; not more than one metre (about 3 feet 4 inches) over all; or not more than 1 metre 50 centimetres (about 5 feet) over all. The cup will go to the boat beating all competitors. Other special prizes will be given for successes in class races.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

One hears little now of laying up cars for the winter; indeed, motorists who drive their own cars for pleasure derive more enjoyment from a smart run on a nice sharp, bright winter's day than when the sun is hot o'erhead, and there is the joy-killing knowledge of dust-covered pedestrians left behind. So long as rain is not actually falling motoring is enjoyable and exhilarating; indeed, it is the one thing that will avert the depressing effect of a really gloomy winter's day. To indulge in such excursions with the least anxiety, it is imperative that engine, gear-box, and the forward end of the propeller shaft should be protected from mud and water. And if the car is chain-driven, then the chains should be protected as far as possible.

The technical journals feebly complain from time to time of the supineness of the controlling bodies, such as the Automobile Club and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, with regard to the employment of alcohol, or a hydro-carbon other than that mercifully vouchsafed to us by an American trust at a pretty tall figure per gallon. The two bodies above named having shelved the matter for so long, that ubiquitous association, the Motor Union, to which nothing comes amiss, and which is rapidly assuming the lead in all matters which affect the well-being and comfort of automobilists, has formed a Fuels Committee to consider primarily the ever-increasing cost of spirit, and generally the whole question of fuels for internal-combustion motors. Fuels other than petroleum spirit must be considered, and alcohol should receive attention.



THE "GOD" ON THE CAR: THE FETISH ON THE DOWAGER. QUEEN OF ITALY'S MOTOR-CAR.

On the front of Queen Margherita's 50-h.p. motor-car is a silver statuette of St. Christopher, the patron saint of travellers. The idea of thus placing a motor-car under the protection of a saint is becoming very popular.

Photograph by M. Branger.

of this type of Daimler car, and for the all-round excellence of the work put into them. It is the kind of testimony that would weigh with me far above any one win, particularly when that win was achieved with the aid of an engine of larger dimensions. The Daimler Company can, I think, point with pride to this remarkable achievement.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

CAMBRIDGESHIRE GOSSIP—RACECOURSE RIOTS—WOOTTON, THE JOCKEY.

IT would be a case of history repeating itself were Velocity to win the Cambridgeshire a second time, and thereby follow in the footsteps of Hackler's Pride. Nothing seems to be impossible in racing, and it is just on the cards that the coincidence-mongers may take the hint. I remember well when Rosebery won the race in 1876 for Mr. Smith, this completing the big double event. I also recollect Isonomy's year (1878). A certain tradesman in a little Wiltshire town won £20,000 in a double over Isonomy, but the money eventually went back to the Ring. Two publicans (brothers) were more successful. They won £5000, and with the money purchased shares in a

Three Swans Hotel at Salisbury, and who for many years acted as Clerk of the Course to the Salisbury meeting. Young Dick, after his father's death, ran the Salisbury meeting for some time. I have told in *The Sketch* before how Mr. Figs starts the races in France by means of an electric appliance of his own invention, by which he can walk about and press the button in his pocket without the jockeys being able to anticipate the start. He is very much impressed with this new wrinkle, which works well; but nothing has ever yet been devised that can make a fractious animal go off when the tape flies up, if he sticks his toes in the ground and refuses to budge an inch.

The apprentice Frank Wootton, who is all the rage on the racecourse at the present time, is a good-looking boy, modest, intelligent, and happy. It is no uncommon thing to hear him singing on his way to the post. By-the-bye, Sloan used to do the same thing, while Hogan, the steeplechase jockey, always sang Irish songs while trying to get successfully over a steeplechase country. Men of resource might suggest that jockeys should carry musical boxes or gramophones to give the horse a tune during the race. But to Wootton The boy reminds me very much of Johnny Reiff when the latter first rode in this country; but Wootton has an advantage inasmuch as his father looks after him and does not let him ride any or every mount that is offered. The boy follows the Americans in an important matter. He does not believe in cutting the finish too fine, and he would rather win by three lengths than lose by a head.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

DESCENDANTS OF PHARAOH'S DOGS.

"The Eastern greyhound has been from time immemorial the hunting-dog of the Eastern



THE BARUHKSY, OR AFGHAN HOUND, THE LARGEST OF THE EASTERN GREYHOUNDS.

DESCENDANTS OF PHARAOH'S DOGS.

Wiltshire bank at £10 per share and sold these at £40 per share. Foxhall completed the double in 1881, and set old William Day up again. In 1882 the race had to be postponed for a day on account of a gale. The race was won that year by Hackness, an American plater owned by the late Robert Peck. In 1884 Florence completed a splendid double for Mr. John Hammond, as his horse, St. Gatien, won the Cesarewitch. Mr. Hammond was a great follower of the late Fred Archer. He began his racing life in a humble way; but he is a rich man to-day. I am not likely to forget the race of '86. A little coterie, which included your humble servant, had the tip from Archer that at last he would ride a winner of the Cambridgeshire, and we proceeded to make our arrangements accordingly. The Sailor Prince beat us on the post, and poor Fred Archer died a few weeks later. The late Lord Randolph Churchill won a big sum over Veracity in 1888, the outcome of a dream. One more story and I have finished. In 1891 I learned that Spectrum could not well lose the race. Unfortunately on the same day as the Cambridgeshire there was a Post Sweepstakes, and both Mr. J. R. Keene and W. C. Whitney had horses engaged. The latter started Spectrum to beat his old opponent, while Huggins' stable won the Cambridgeshire with Watershed.

The recent riots at Longchamp show what might happen on any racecourse at any time, and for this reason it ought to be compulsory on the part of racecourse managers to have plenty of police present. The unfortunate affair at Longchamp was, it is said, brought about by favourites being left at the post—a little accident that might happen at any time with either the flag system or the gate. The race was started by the assistant starter, Mr. Bishop, and not by Mr. Richard Figs, who is the official starter to the French Jockey Club. The latter is one of the most capable starters in the world, and it gives me all the more pleasure to say this because we went to school together in the Close at Salisbury forty-five years back. Mr. Dick Figs is the son of the late Mr. Figs who was landlord of the



THE SLUGHI, OR GAZELLE HOUND, FROM THE SYRIAN DESERT, THE PROPERTY OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



PERSIAN HOUNDS.

plains, and, making allowances for the artistic attainments of those early periods," remarks the *County Gentleman*, "we find representations of him which are almost identical with the dogs of to-day on the monuments and tombs of ancient Egypt." The various races of Afghanistan, Persia, and the Arabian desert have always bred him for sport. Coursing with hawk and hound was a truly royal sport in his earlier days, the game being chiefly the antelope and the wild ass, as well as hares and foxes. Though make and shape in all the varieties of the Eastern greyhound are almost identical, they vary somewhat in size, the largest being the Afghan hound and the Persian. The Persian hound stands about twenty-six inches in height, is deep in the girth, with powerful loins and thighs, the principal characteristics being the beautifully feathered tail and the silky fringed ears. The third variety, which comes from the Syrian Desert, is known as the "slughi," or gazelle-hound. The Arabs of the desert keep the strains pure with the greatest care.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WE are told on excellent authority that man wants but little here below; yet he has an amazing list of requirements, judging from the number and variety of the purveyors who exist by supplying his every need. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker by no means make the sum of our necessities nowadays, however it went with them in less luxurious times. Not that good work and worthy craftsmen did not exist of old, as witness the jewels, the gorgeous raiment, the cunning gold and silver ware of our ancestors. It is not so long ago that we moderns were passing through the early and mid-Victorian periods—that midnight of the arts which we now remember as the “mahogany reign of terror.” British workmanship in furniture, jewels and plate then partook of the heavy and graceless solidity of the age. Sideboards resembled family vaults; brooches emulated the size and simplicity of cheese-plates; and the épergne—the invention of some evil genius—disfigured the dinner-tables of worthy British burghers. Now all is changed, and what the late Mr. Haweis called “sweetness and light” have replaced the pretentious ugliness that reigned in British workshops from the time of the first George.

In no field of labour has progress made such strides as in that of the gem-setter and the worker in silver-ware. Jewellery and plate are in most instances objects of artistic interest to-day, apart from intrinsic values. Pioneer of this worthy movement is the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, which has deservedly won a world-wide name, and arrived at the very apex of artistic accomplishment in the ancient handicraft of the gem-setter, the engraver in precious metals, the designer of beautiful things in rare jewels, gold, and silver. Only what is best of its kind does one find in the Company's show-rooms, whether thousand-guinea tiara or twenty-shilling brooch be concerned, and the system wisely adopted by the Company of marking all its productions in plain figures is a guarantee of good faith as well as a challenge to competitors. It is clearly understood also that the Company invites visitors to walk freely through its magnificent show-rooms without fear of being importuned to buy, and a liberal education is really vouchsafed in the art of the lapidary by inspection of the exquisitely fine setting and design as well as the purity of all the selected stones that go to make up the various jewels on exhibition. Country-folk can arrive at a very just idea of the various productions by writing for the Company's latest catalogue, which is a very comprehensive book, and is forwarded post free on application.

As with jewels so it is with plate: every article, from toilet-brush to presentation casket, is designed with the utmost good taste and skill. The flamboyant style that appears in cheap “stamped” silver is banished from this temple of cultured handicraft, and really exquisite designs at the most modest prices encourage the possible

purchaser to weigh well the great advantages to be had in buying from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths before taking the risks of going elsewhere. If a daily increasing clientèle is any criterion of merit—and the public generally goes to the best—then the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, may be accounted the premier house of its kind in Europe.

When we all went crazy for a season over the Art Nouveau movement inaugurated in France some ten years ago—a movement which

consisted chiefly of wriggling ladies, sinuous and, generally speaking, nude, emerging from chaos with trailing hair and clinging garments—we never thought that “L'Art Nouveau” would die of inanition and base imitation, so seductive were its attitudes and posturings on jug and basin, jar and vase. The false art and exaggerations to which “L'Art Nouveau” lent itself did, however, much to stifle its growth, notwithstanding a good deal that was meritorious in its conception. There are symptoms that the public taste, led by cultured authority, is returning to the simpler lines and the colouring of an earlier time, which even in such familiar matters of daily use as domestic “crockery,” gave examples of taste and skill worthy to be handed down through generations. A striking illustration of all this is given at the present moment by Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road, where a series of delightful reproductions of old toilet ware, exact in form and colour, is on view. The Willow pattern, as it was first used in England by Thomas Minton, 1780, is given in the old blue-and-white colouring at 7s. 6d. a set. Quaint designs of Persian origin, which our forefathers handled on their Staffordshire ware, are reproduced in the old bright colourings for 9s. 6d. a set. Delightful examples of Georgian Spode are available at half-a-guinea. Flaxman's best designs are preserved to this generation, as well as the highly decorative and durable Mason's stoneware, with its delightful old-world chintz colourings. Heal and Sons have, moreover, done a signal service to everyone possessing a Chippendale corner washstand by producing in “old blue” the miniature jug and basin



[Copyright.]

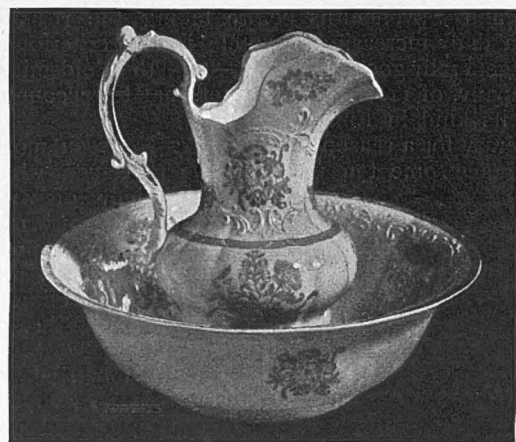
AN EVENING GOWN IN CHIFFON VELVET AND LACE.

in which our forebears were content to wash, together with the soap-dish and brush-jar which drop into their allotted holes in these delightful mementos of a partially cleansed generation. Many people own the old corner washstand, but nobody up to the present has succeeded in replacing its long-gone crockery; so it will be a welcome opportunity to hundreds who can now restore its original state for the simple sum of 11s. 6d. Our sketch shows the washstand in its state of pristine elegance, thanks to Messrs. Heal and Sons' sense of the eternal fitness of things, for nowhere else are these little sets obtainable.

Women ardently desiring to be beautiful—and the wish is not an uncommon one, seeing to what desirable heights the “fatal gift”

often elevates its possessor (vide Burke and Debrett)—should apply themselves without loss of time to the perusal of a little book called "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," with notes upon Cyclax remedies, issued by the Cyclax Company, of 58, South Molton Street. Therein will they learn of much to their advantage: how wrinkles can be smoothed out, eyes brightened, lips restored to the full and round and rosy desirability of sweet seventeen, hair made

to grow as it should, thick and glossy, throat rescued from stringiness and rendered as swan-like as Annie Laurie's, and in fact, all possible (and seemingly, but not really, impossible) renovations and repairs performed by the simple but efficacious use of "Cyclax" Skin Food, "Cyclax" Special Lotion, "Cyclax" Complexion Milk, "Cyclax" Nose Ointment, "Cyclax" Eyebrow Pomade—and, in fact, Cyclax *ad infinitum*. The skin specialist who



THE CHINA OF 1800 REPRODUCED IN 1906: SPODE'S "BUNCHES" AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SONS', TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

(See Previous Page.)

is responsible for all these good things attends on Tuesdays and Thursdays in each week at the Cyclax Company's dépôt to give gratis "instruction and advice" on the complexion and other matters *en petit comité*. Appointments should be arranged with her beforehand, as her time is precious and her ministrations unattainable except at the Cyclax Company's place, where, by the way, all applicants should address themselves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY H.—I should say that it is impossible to carry out the offer, and therefore a swindle. You should send the circulars to *Truth*, who will speedily unearth the trick, if it is one.

J. J. (Devonshire).—Take the old paste stomacher to the Parisian Diamond Company. They are specialists in gem-setting, and will give you the best advice. The Company's skill and high reputation for beauty of design are so widely renowned that no insistence on them is necessary.

SYBIL.

With reference to our publication of a portrait of a Countess Olga Romanoff, whom we described, in common with other papers, as a daughter of the late Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia writes to us as follows: "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Sergius never had any children, consequently the so-called eldest daughter of his Imperial Highness can never have existed. It is very regrettable and surprising that *The Sketch*, a paper which has a wide circulation and is deservedly appreciated, should have made such an error." We, of course, regret that an error made by the photographer who supplied us with the portrait in question should have been put on record in *The Sketch*.

Conspicuous among the actresses of the United States is Miss Margaret Illington. Her name is prone to, but should not, be

confounded with that of our own Miss Marie Illington. Miss Margaret Illington's name will be remembered by everyone who saw "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Duke of York's during its sensationally short run, for she made a striking success in the leading part, which she had previously played in America with the greatest acclaim both of the critics and the public. Before that she had been for some time the leading lady of the old Lyceum Theatre in New York, which was controlled by Mr. Daniel Frohman, to whom she is now married. At the present time Miss Illington is playing in America the part created by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "His House in Order," and is having as great a success in it as her English comrade.

M. Lépine is really a very wonderful little man; the way he neded the Longchamp riots alone proves that. His posts are as manifold as those of Pooh-Ba in "The Mikado." Besides being the head of the entire police force of the capital and "father" of the firemen, he has the powers of a Home Secretary and regulates all railway traffic within the fortifications of Paris. For instance, he draws up instructions to the motor-men, as to speed and lights, on the Métropolitain, which is, as everybody knows, the Paris Twopenny Tube. Moreover, as Prefect of Paris, he can requisition the military arm when circumstances demand it. During the days of the supposed Revolution in May, M. Louis Lépine had almost an Army Corps at his disposition. Every bridge, every square, every bifurcated street was strategically occupied. The rioters knew they could not riot with any hope of success, just as the bakers knew that they could not starve out Paris by driving away their fellows from the ovens. M. Lépine and his merry men were there to see that they didn't. To be Prefect of Paris is not everybody's job. Many are called, but few choose. M. Lépine is there because he is the one indispensable man. He is even stronger than the Government. The Government has a little way of dealing gently with manifestors, because they have votes. But M. Lépine just locks them up and prevents a breach of the peace. That is his idea of politics.

ANOTHER VIEW IN THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS' PREMISES AT 112, REGENT STREET: THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE CLOCK SHOW-ROOM.

(See Previous Page.)

Messrs. Hedges and Butler state that this year's vintage of port will be below the average as regards amount, but that the wine, although not likely to be very full-bodied, is expected to turn out well. The yield of sherry is rather larger than it was last year. The temperature throughout the summer has been all in favour of Burgundy, and, in the opinion of the experts, the 1906 wines will compare with the grand wines of 1811, 1822, 1858, and 1870. The quality of champagne will, it is anticipated, be good, but the quantity is below the average, and prices will therefore be high. The quantity of claret will be small, but it is thought that the quality will be good. The crop of Rhine wines will be very small indeed, but a fairly good vintage is expected from the Moselle vineyards. It is thought that the crop in the Cognac district will be good and plentiful, and the first testings of the wines have proved most satisfactory.

By a slip of the pen, we recently described the excellent photograph of Mr. Keble Howard's "Compromising Martha" as by the Dover Street Studios. It was by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE MAGNIFICENT SHOW-ROOM AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY'S, 112, REGENT STREET. It is the boast of the Company that visitors may walk freely through its magnificent show-rooms without the least fear of being bothered to buy.

(See Previous Page.)

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

WHAT SIX PER CENT. MEANS.

WERE it for a period of only a week or two, nobody would greatly care whether the Bank Rate were five per cent. or six. Unfortunately, a rise at the end of October very seldom brings relief in its train until some time early in the New Year, and therefore, to all appearances we shall have to put up with a 6 per cent. rate for at least a couple of months. It may happen, of course, that this atrociously stiff Bank Rate will be effectual in attracting gold to our own money market; but considering the demands for money from all over the world, present prospects do not point to any lightening of the burden for some time to come. However, as in cricket, it is the unexpected which does occasionally happen with regard to the Bank Rate, and therefore it is useless to dogmatise upon the subject. All one can do is to take into account the known factors in the situation and the probabilities of the immediate future. The Stock Exchange accepted the unpleasant blow with comparative composure, but the effect upon business, so long as the 6 per cent. Rate prevails, cannot fail to be disastrous.

AMERICAN RAILS AND THE SIX PER CENT. BANK RATE.

By a good many people the action of the Bank directors is considered to be inspired by the known anxiety of Lombard Street to check the gamble in Yankee shares. There may, of course, be something in this view, although the haste with which the rate was raised, on the day following that usually assigned for such changes, rather leads us to doubt whether it should carry much weight, inasmuch as there was no great alteration in the Wall Street position during that brief period. American shares were the principal sufferers on the day the change was announced, and the statement that the back of the boom is broken is still freely circularised. This seems to us, however, a moot point. Americans were maintained, with no more than temporary breaks, what time call-money in New York commanded between 15 and 40 per cent., and we are inclined to doubt whether a 6 per cent. Bank Rate on this side necessarily means the upsetting of the schemes laid by New York financiers. Moreover, it is not as though the Companies were doing badly: on the contrary, they are more prosperous than ever, and the jerry-built railroads of two decades ago have been converted into first-class undertakings by the lavish expenditure of revenue in the much-maligned "betterments." Therefore, on balance, while admitting that the monetary situation must cause inconvenience and a probable check to the bulls of Yankees, we are unable to subscribe to the idea that the day of high prices is past.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

Six per cent. Bank Rate? Ye gods and little fishes!
For there's nae luck about the House,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the House
Unless the Bank Rate fa'.

Well, it's fair to bid farewell to business while it lasts. And that's the end to all our hopes of good trade for this present year of grace. Nineteen Hundred and Six. It is enough to make one forswear the world, *The Sketch*, and the —er—Stock Exchange, for how can the poor live while their poor clients are growing poorer? The worst of it is that one is more or less bound to the House, because there are so few other occupations into which roguery and that sort of thing have not been known at times to enter. So, once a jobber, always a jobber at any rate, whatever brokers may say.

"The ugliest of trades," moralises Douglas Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

I beg your pardon? Business? Quite so: we are coming to it before long. Rather a roundabout way? Sorry you think so, I'm sure. I was just beginning to enjoy the pleasure of your society. However, don't mind me at all.

Slipping on to Home Rails, one of the most venerable members in the Heavy Market was saying the other day (he will be surprised to see himself in print!) that such stocks as Midland, North-Western, Great Western, Berwick, Leeds, and so forth will have to go on to a 5 per cent. basis before the public are likely to buy the stocks again. The Labour trouble is certainly playing the very Charles Dickens with this market, and it is extremely difficult to see where the end will come. Certainly the leading Companies have good traffic increases to date, but judged by the standard of the reports issued last July and August, most of the extra profit goes in paying dividends on additional capital, or in rates and taxes, working

expenses—anywhere except into the pockets of the stockholders. The principal stocks are drifting on to a basis at which the return works out to a little over 4½ per cent. on the money; so if my venerable friend is right, there must be a steep further fall in front of Home Rails even yet. I am optimistic enough to hope that the inevitable fall, sooner or later, in the Bank Rate will brighten up Home Rails along with everything else; but, all the same, one fully recognises that it may be weeks, possibly months, before the Money Market resumes something approaching normal rates.

When taking-in stock, the lender of the money is, of course, liable for dividends which may be declared. Where the bonds upon which the money is lent have coupons attached, the cashing of these presents no difficulty, but it is not everyone who knows how to deal with the American Railroad certificates at dividend time. Unless a man buys the shares intending to hold them for a considerable time, there is little object in getting the certificates registered in his own name, so long as the certificates he holds are in the names of well-known people on this side. A dividend is announced, and with it the date when the books will close. As that date draws near, say a few days in advance of it, the certificates have to be taken to the people in whose name the shares stand, as set out on the face of the deeds, and they will "mark" them—that is, impress them with a little rubber stamp stating, probably, that the dividend has been claimed, and adding the date. When the money is paid, application is again made to these people, and they will hand over the dividend. This method of procedure may seem cumbersome and complicated to those unused to it, but stockbrokers and bankers come into contact with the practice almost every day of their lives, and generally raise no objection to getting certificates "marked" for clients who do business with them.

Atchison Common are the shares to buy in the American Market to take up. They have fine possibilities of a ten-dollar rise.

I said that National of Mexico Preferred would go to about 60. That was when the price was in the region of 43. It is now something like 54, and will, in all probability, go to 60, as I prophesied. But to be too greedy over profits is rather a mistake.

And Bays. Look how they've shot up! They are going better too. Had I bought them upon my own tips in *The Sketch* five-and-twenty pounds a share cheaper than they are now, I should refuse to sell. On the other hand, it's a useful axiom—that one about no man ever having gone bankrupt through taking a profit.

How do Champion Reefs strike you? Of course, the Company is doing badly, and may have to peg away for some time yet at its poor zone; but the betting is that the stuff will come right again in the long run. The price has fallen from 35s. to about a third of that; and as a good speculative buy, Champion Reefs look more than a little attractive.

Another tip. There's a lot of interesting, instructive, and amusing stuff in *John Bull*. I have had the misfortune in days gone by to say sometimes uncomplimentary things about some of the companies with which Mr. Bottomley was associated, and it is therefore so much the greater pleasure to pay a tribute to his latest journalistic adventure. Curious how one hears and talks and writes about people without ever coming into personal contact with them. I have never seen Mr. Bottomley, or Mr. Hooley, or a dozen other men equally well known, and I suppose that the names are also mere words—just symbols—with thousands of other people. But I hope *John Bull* will go on and prosper, even if it cannot see some of the jokes in *Punch*.

I shall never make a journalist. Can't go on when there's nothing more to say. It's cowardly, of course, to throw down one's pen, although

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

And I am sure—you not being here at my side to contradict—that you would be sorry if the latter fate were to overtake

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

NITRATE SHARES.

Our valued correspondent "Q," whose knowledge of the Nitrate Market and the value of Nitrate shares has been of so much assistance to many readers, sends us the following note. The rise in values has been so rapid that we feel bound to strike a note of warning against purchasers at present prices expecting to make the same kind of profits as those who have got in lower down—

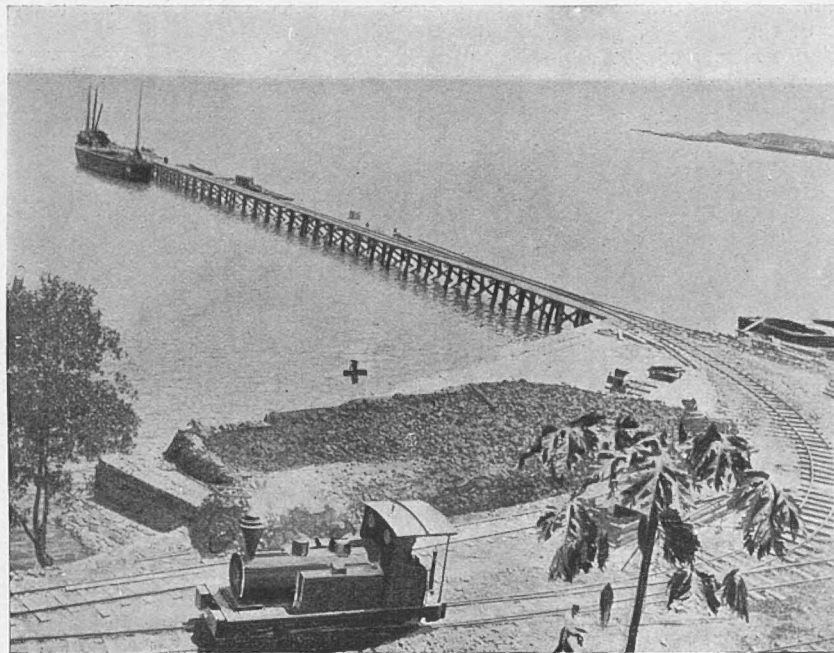
From the letters you have forwarded me it is clear that some of your readers, who have big profits on the Nitrate shares they have bought on the advice given in this paper, are in doubt as to what prices their shares may reasonably be expected to reach. Without going into details, which would occupy too much space, I append a table giving the present price, the estimated life of the property, and the price which the shares may ultimately be expected to touch, in the case of a few of the leading shares. You must remember that this last is only a personal opinion, based on the information I have been able to collect, and further, that I do not expect these prices to be reached next week or next month, but simply give them as indicating the level of prices under which I see no reason for holders to realise—

| Name | Estimated Life. | Present Price. | Should be held for |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Liverpool Nitrate | 23 years | £19½ | £25 |
| Colorado Nitrate | 11 " | 17½ | 22 |
| Rosario Nitrate | 24 " | 6½ | 10 |
| Lagunas Syndicate | 28 " | 3½ | 5 |
| Santa Rita | † | 16 | 20 |
| Barrochanea | 12 " | 4½ | 6 |

* This is probable an underestimate, as the Company has not yet touched its new grounds.

† The Company has a good life, but no official estimate has been published.

With regard to the *Rosario Nitrate Company*, which, I believe, I have not previously mentioned in these columns, the capital of the Company is £600,000,



THE BRITISH BORNEO EXPLORATION COMPANY'S JETTY,
FROM WHICH MANGANESE IS SHIPPED.

divided into 120,000 shares of £5 each, and there were Debentures outstanding on Sept. 30, 1905, to a total amount of about £200,000. These are being paid off at the rate of about £50,000 per annum, so that the whole should be paid off in about three years from the present time. The Company has been distributing a dividend of 8 per cent., or 8s. per share, tax free, per annum, the net profit for the year ending September 1905 having been £103,249. For the current year the profit will show a considerable increase, and a still further increase is expected in future years, because from April 1, 1906, the Company has obtained a net shipping quota of 1,522,500 quintals, as compared with its previous quota of 1,120,000 quintals. On the very moderate estimate of a profit of 2s. per quintal, a profit of over £150,000 should be earned, which would enable the dividend to be more than doubled. Very probably, however, the Directors may prefer to expedite the redemption of the outstanding Debentures. If so, it should be possible to pay off the whole of the Debentures by Sept. 30, 1907, after which shareholders may expect an annual distribution of 20s. per share.

The *Lagunas Syndicate* has worked up to the present time about one-third of its original grounds, which have produced about 15,000,000 quintals of nitrate. In addition to the remaining two-thirds of its original grounds, the Company has purchased new grounds estimated to contain 5,000,000 quintals. It has therefore a very long life before it, and now that the whole of the Debentures have been redeemed and the new grounds have been paid for, should be able to pay considerably more than the 6s. per annum which has recently been the rate of distribution. Q.

P.S.—The Deferred shares of the *Commonwealth Oil Corporation*, to which I directed your readers' attention in January last, have advanced $1\frac{1}{2}$ and are likely to go to £3, as dividends of 30 per cent. per annum are indicated when in full working order.

THINGS TO BE EXPECTED.

We hear great things of the new Canadian Mining district of Cobalt, Ontario, and it is probable that if conditions become a little more promising, some of the mines will be introduced to this market. It is said that the Cobalt Town Site Silver Mine and the La Rose are the pick of the basket. The price of copper is also likely to bring a fresh crop of Copper shares to the front, and Count Ward, of Boston and Utah Consolidated fame, is only waiting a favourable opportunity to introduce the shares of the Utah Bingham Company to the London Market. The capital consists of 400,000 shares of 5 dollars each, and with an area of 115 acres, and ore of the assay value of 30 dollars a ton, we should not be surprised to see the shares at a good premium.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INVESTOR.—We think well of the Company, and the directors are certainly men with good reputations. About par. It is said that the subscription was not so great as expected.

HORTUS.—(1) The reserves are large, but the doubt is as to the quality. As a speculation, buy now. (2) At present price Consolidated Deep Leads.

COWBIT.—(1) Hold. (2) We think well of the tramway stock, but the underwriters got such a large percentage that the market is not good. With a Bank Rate

of 6 per cent. it is not likely to improve. (3) We will inquire as to North Borneo concern. (4) Cannot recommend any Kaffirs just now.

W. L.—From the accounts, it seems as if you could expect about the present price when the lease expires, to be paid by way of return of capital, but this depends on prosperous years up to the end. You have a good profit and had better take it. We return papers.

W. C.—(1) El Oro are good enough. In the present state of markets any rise is difficult. The mine has a long life; at present there is no use in going into calculations. (2) The mines are not bad, but at present do not look like seeing your prices again. The Westralian is a gamble at 2s. 6d., and not a bad one.

ATLAM.—No chance with a 6 per cent. Bank Rate.

TANGLIN.—(1) Very good bonds. The underwriters were "stuck" with about 90 per cent., hence the discount. The Company is doing well, and you can safely buy. (2) The Rubber Pref. shares are a doubtful proposition. The estate is one of the best on the Amazon, but the underwriters were heavily loaded with shares, and the Company is not much to our liking. (3) We cannot read the name of this Company as to whose Debentures you ask.

VANCA.—All fair holdings in a speculative way.

HOPEFUL.—Hold your Pacific Nitrates and don't worry about what you hear. This is our opinion and "Q's" as well.

THAME.—The dividend for the half year is, with what has already been paid, $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If they go lower, buy more. (1) That is what we expect in a year or two. (2) No. (3) As long as the concern is prospering and pays you over 5 per cent. on its market price you would do well not to speculate as to fancy limits. The state of the Money Market is sufficient answer to the question of why the present price is not higher. (4) Buenos Ayres Pacific First Preference stock should suit your friend; or why not San Paulo Ordinary? (5) The price is $£4\frac{1}{2}$, ex. div.

KAFFIR.—(1) Yes. (2) Very probably.

R. D. A.—Your letter was answered on the 16th inst.

QUIZ.—We never answer anonymous correspondents.

G. W.—We have sent you the Company's address. Write to the Secretary.

SPES.—We will make some inquiries as to Champion Reefs. As far as we know, the latest developments are not favourable. As to United of Havana, we do not feel to blame, for no person could anticipate the revolution, a 6 per cent. Bank Rate, and the cyclone. We also hear well of the Bitumen Company, but the issue was not well supported, and the shares went to the underwriters. It would not suit us as a speculation.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Some capital racing should be witnessed at the Houghton Meeting. I think Polymelus will win the Cambridgeshire, and Sweet Katie may be placed. Other races may be won by the following: Scarborough Stakes, Gingal; Maiden Plate, Brown Glass; New Nursery, Relish; Moulton Stakes, Slim Lad; Apprentices' Plate, Gourd; Jockey Club Cup, Bachelor's Button; Free Handicap, Bridge of Canny; Richmond Nursery, O'Cullen; Ditch Mile Welter, Persinus; Houghton Handicap, Royal Romance; Dewhurst Plate, My Pet II.; Final Plate, Succour; Queensberry Handicap, Lovania; Criterion Nursery, Crosshaven gelding; Houghton Stakes, Freeborn. At Folkestone, I fancy Father Blind for the Folkestone Handicap; Sweet Thrush for the Moderate Two-Year-Old Plate; Crusader for the Cliff Plate; and Tomboy for the Leas Nursery.

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